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CANADA.—THE CRUSADE AGAINST LORD LANSDOWNE.—MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN ADDRESSING A MASS MEETING IN QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO, MAY 17TH—TURBULENT DEMONSTRATIONS OF A HOSTILE MOB.

FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 289.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1887.

PICAYUNE STATESMANSHIP.

AT the dinner recently given in this city to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the precise object of which was not made public, the duty of replying to the sentiment, "Surplus, and Seacoast Defenses," was assigned to Hon. Frank Hiscock, Senator-elect from New York. After stating that he is opposed to a large standing army—a proposition in favor of which there has been practically a consensus of opinion among the people of this country from the achievement of Independence until the present time—Mr. Hiscock went on to say, "Neither do I believe in dotting our coast line with fortifications for that purpose." He added: "I would maintain our fortifications, and build new ones, and build guns for them, so far and to the extent that might be necessary to educate our engineers and mechanics in the science of their construction, and to maintain the necessary plant for their construction." These expressions suggest the thought that, like the gods of Baal, Mr. Hiscock must have been asleep or journeying in a far country during the last three years.

The following facts are so fully and clearly established upon indisputable evidence, that no person has had the hardihood to call them in question: First, our existing forts are unable to withstand attack from modern warships armed with high-powered steel guns; second, there is not a harbor on our coast that cannot be captured with comparative ease by an ironclad fleet properly armed and equipped, and there is not a single important Power in the world which does not possess such a fleet; third, the total value of destructible property in our eleven principal seaports is about \$4,500,000,000; fourth, by means of a proper system of defense, including forts, harbor obstructions, floating batteries, torpedoes and submarine mines, our seaports can be rendered impregnable to naval attacks, at a cost, as estimated by our most competent military authorities, of \$126,377,800, or less than three per cent. of the estimated value of the destructible property in our eleven principal seaports; and fifth, it will require at least six years to place the single harbor of New York in a thorough condition of defense.

The foregoing facts have been brought out as the result of painstaking and laborious investigation by the Board on Fortifications and other Defenses authorized under President Arthur. The elaborate and exhaustive report of this Board, composed of civil and military experts of great ability, was submitted January 23d, 1886. A few months later the report of the Select Committee of the Senate, of which Hon. Joseph R. Hawley was Chairman, was published. This also is a document of great value. It is, like the preceding report, the result of careful investigation in this country and in Europe, and states the whole case as to our danger, and the means of preventing appalling disaster.

The surplus revenue of the country during the year ended June 30th, 1886, was about \$125,000,000. The fact stands therefore, that, in the present state of our national finances, we are accumulating each year a surplus almost sufficient to place our entire seacoast in a perfect state of defense; but our military engineers assert that such defenses cannot be constructed in less than ten years, and therefore that the annual expenditures need be only one-tenth of our surplus during the year 1886. Such expenditure, besides helping to correct a gross financial evil, would protect \$4,500,000,000 worth of property against destruction, and preserve the honor and dignity of the country against unspeakable humiliation and disgrace, and that too without adding a single soldier to our standing army. The providing of guns and forts does not, as is supposed by some, involve the necessity of any increase of our army until war is actually impending. And yet a Senator of the United States at this day stands up publicly and utters the flimsiest sort of talk about his opposition to maintaining a huge standing army, exhausting our revenue, maintaining forts which are obsolete and worse than useless, and building a few modern forts to teach our engineers the art of constructing them, leaving the rest to be constructed after war has begun, although it would require at least four years to build any single fort and place its guns in position. It will be necessary for Mr. Hiscock to revise his notions about the surplus and seacoast defense before he attains to distinction for broad and courageous statesmanship.

THE TEXAS PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN.

THE most striking proof of the growth of temperance sentiment in this country is the spectacle presented in Texas to-day. Until a very few years ago Prohibition was always considered a Northern idea, and indeed rather a "Down East" notion than a principle of general acceptance at the North. The Democratic party had always been stoutly opposed to "sumptuary legislation," and as that party held sway in the South, Prohibition was regarded throughout that section with the greatest contempt.

Of all the Southern States, Texas was the one which would have been pronounced least likely ever to look

with the slightest favor upon the idea of absolutely forbidding the sale of liquors within its limits. It was "the banner Democratic State" of the Union, the Republicans numbering but a quarter of the voters, and the leaders of the dominant party were outspoken in indorsing the traditional attitude of their organization towards this question. Moreover, there was a general impression throughout the country that Texans as a class were rather more fond of whisky than people of other States, and that they would bitterly resent any "interference with personal liberty" in the matter of drinking.

Yet there is now in progress a campaign for a special election in Texas on the 4th of August, at which the people are to vote on the question of adopting an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor, and the sentiment in its favor is so strong that the opposition feel the necessity of making the utmost efforts to defeat it. The amendment was submitted to the people by a Legislature almost unanimously Democratic, and its adoption is advocated by Democrats of such high standing as Mr. Reagan, who was elected to the United States Senate by the same Legislature last Winter; Mr. Maxey, whom Mr. Reagan succeeds; and Mr. Culberson, one of the leading members of the Texas delegation in the lower branch of Congress. In short, the Democratic party has renounced in Texas its ancient doctrine of unflinching opposition to the whole theory of Prohibition, which makes Democratic members of the New York Legislature vote every time against the proposition even to submit a Prohibition amendment to the popular vote, and it looks as though about as many Democrats in the Lone Star State will vote outright to incorporate Prohibition in the fundamental law as will vote against it.

The depth of popular feeling is proved by the breaking down of both party and race lines. The State Conventions of the Prohibitionists at Waco in March, and of the Anti-Prohibitionists, or "True Blues," as they call themselves, at Dallas early in May, were attended by both Republicans and Democrats, whites and blacks, and colored speakers were made prominent in both gatherings. The "True Blues" are trying to frighten the negroes into voting with them by telling them that Prohibition would be an interference with their liberty, a first step back towards slavery; while the temperance people urge that the negroes are already, too many of them, in slavery to run, and should strike for freedom. Public feeling already runs high throughout the vast commonwealth, and the whole nation will await with interest the outcome of the struggle.

HOW RICH AND POOR LEND THEIR MONEY.

WE have already called attention to the fact that the working classes of the country control upwards of \$1,000,000,000 of available deposits in the savings banks which they do not use in business, either in employing themselves or their fellow-workmen. This seems either an astounding evidence of financial timidity on the part of the workingmen or a convincing proof that they do not feel themselves to be capable of directing the course of industry, notwithstanding they have the means to do so, if they but had the necessary courage and sagacity. This is a fact the Socialist agitators would do well to ponder. Why is it that when the wages classes have at command a fund of available cash as large in the aggregate as the deposits of the wealthier men of enterprise in the State and national banks combined, they do not use it in any form of production, but shrink ingloriously back and lend it to their richer brethren through the savings banks? Let George and McGlynn answer this question. They say that all the poor man needs is justice. But there are no unjust laws restraining the poor from withdrawing their large hoard from the savings banks and investing it in productive industry. The only law restraining them must be a distrust of their own ability to conduct industry profitably.

The terms on which the new municipal bonds of New York city were recently taken show an equal degree of timidity on the part of the large capitalists, and a corresponding desire to lean, in their investments of money, upon something stronger than themselves. Though these bonds bear only three per cent. interest, they were readily disposed of at 4.6 premium, the highest price ever bid for city securities at so low an interest rate. This may serve to show the Socialists again how their work reacts towards its own cure.

The greater the degree of socialistic agitation in creating dislocations in industry and disturbances between labor and capital, the greater will be the quantity of both idle labor and idle capital seeking employment, because the less will be the portion of either capital or labor that can be successfully employed in productive industry. If not employed in productive industry, however, both the capital and the labor will seek employment in administrative industry—i. e., in loans to the State and in labor for the State. The loans to the State furnish the State with a full treasury, and the large number seeking employment furnishes the State with a strong police, or, if need be, a large standing army. Hence, the more active and persistent the agitation against the existing social order, the more freely, under economic law and the mere force of interest and necessity, do men and money offer themselves to maintain the social order.

That capital should pay a premium for an opportunity

to invest itself at three per cent. indicates, as do the large loans of the workingmen to the savings banks, that society is unhealthily timid as to works of production; that it dare not be enterprising in industry, but is willing at very small rates of pay to serve the State—that manufactory whose only function is to conserve the State and turn out law and order.

Laborers should not regard such a consequence of their past five years of agitation as a triumph. If they will reverse their tactics, and look around for opportunities to invest their savings in productive industry, instead of for theories on which to rend the order of society, they will find capital getting down from its inaccessibly high pews, and instead of seeking only to lend money to the State at three per cent., it would be seeking to lend to workingmen in productive enterprise money at six to eight per cent. which they now cannot borrow at all.

A RARE AND CURIOUS TESTAMENT.

THE sale of the Bathgate estate, in the vicinity of New York city, has brought to light some curious old wills containing clauses rarely found in modern testaments. One of these is the will of Gouverneur Morris, father of the grantee in the Bathgate deed, who died in 1816, and in his will confirmed an ante-nuptial contract by which he had settled \$2,600 on his wife. It also gave her a life interest in his Morrisania estate, with all stock thereon, and also his plate, furniture, carriages, etc. "And in case my wife should re-marry, I give her \$600 more per annum to defray increased expenditure which may attend that connection."

The testator in this case stands almost alone in offering his widow an inducement to re-marry. The early conveyancers employed their highest skill in so tying up the bequests to a widow, that, if she should marry again, her interest should cease. The most common form adopted was something to this effect: "And I give to my wife an annuity of \$500 so long as she shall remain my widow, but if she marries again—" Then follows a bequest over to another legatee.

It would seem that in cases where the husband is considerably older than the wife such provisions are most unreasonable, if indeed they are not cruel. In the average of lives, a man between forty and fifty who marries a woman fifteen or twenty years younger than himself must expect to leave her a widow. From fifteen to seventeen years is a very fair average of the joint continuance of two lives, and that the widow should be cut off from re-marriage by the withdrawal of a provision to which she has become entitled, by what the law regards as her services as a wife, is an outrage on natural justice.

If we look into the average settlements made of landed properties in England, we find that the provision that a husband's interest shall cease if, surviving his wife, he marries again, is almost unknown. There is no instance reported of a wife bequeathing an annuity to her husband "so long as he remains my widower." As a rule, his life interest is absolutely secured, even to the detriment of his children by the first marriage, and it is by no means an uncommon thing among the landed gentry of England for a widower, re-marrying, to support his second wife on the property acquired from her deceased predecessor, while the children of the dead woman have to shift for themselves.

The explanation of such an anomaly is the inherent selfishness which human nature acquires through several generations of inherited wealth. Happily, in this country such settlements are almost unknown; but the law even here distinctly allows the husband to limit the bequest to his wife to the period during which she remains his widow; whereas, if he attempts to restrict his daughter from marriage, the law will set aside the restriction.

Lord Mansfield, in a celebrated case, ruled that conditions in restraint of marriage are odious, and should be held to the utmost rigor and strictness, as they are contrary to public policy. Under the Roman law they are all void.

It has remained, then, for modern usage to create, by special proviso, restraints and restrictions which the law declares to be opposed to public policy and to the freedom of social life; but as the rights of women are more liberally construed, it is to be hoped that the clause in the will of Gouverneur Morris may become a precedent for modern wills.

THE COERCION BILL.

THERE is no sign of returning reason in the councils of the English Government, nor can the friends of Ireland hope to see any, so long as England has no foreign difficulties on hand to make her feel how much more useful Irishmen are as friends than as foes. It was an Irish orator who spoke of the free air of England, which no slave could breathe, because when his foot was set on British soil he stood "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation." And Curran believed it. He was generous and large-souled, and he took the English professions of respect for human right and of love of liberty to be genuine. He was mistaken in his estimate of the masterful race. All men are sure of their freedom in England but those upon whom she thinks she is strong enough to trample; and of these, the Irishman is always the first victim. He has nominally the same security for his person as the Englishman; but in practice, the Irishman lives and moves on sufferance; for if the existing laws, elastic as they are, cannot be so stretched as to make that criminal in him which in his fellow-subjects is simple assertion of their rights, an Act, or an amendment to an Act, is always within reach to oppress him by law.

The nominal purpose of the Coercion Bill is to save society and



maintain order in Ireland. The real meaning is to maintain every abuse in Ireland that is English in origin, and to punish Irishmen for daring to be Irish. On the 17th of May, Sir William Vernon Harcourt moved an amendment to the Bill to exempt from secret inquiry all proceedings relating to public meetings or agrarian movements, including in these latter, combinations to obtain reductions of rent. What was legal for English workingmen was, he declared, legal for Irish tenants. There could be no answer to so plain a truth; but the Government replied that nothing could be more absurd, and the amendment was defeated by a vote of 242 to 180. By that vote the House of Commons denies to Irishmen the right of public assembly and all liberty of action in agitating for the removal of intolerable abuses. The day will come when even Englishmen will realize the brutality of this policy.

#### THE EVAPORATION OF A LAW.

THE Interstate Commerce Act is a Pandora's Box, full of interesting serpents remarkable for their distention of jaw and capacity of fang. The author of the Bill, Mr. Reagan, denounces the Commission for having set aside so much of the Act that nothing which its framers intended remains. He denies, also, that his branch of Congress intended to vest the Commission with power to annul the Act in the degree they have done.

On the other hand, the merchants of New York engaged in the California trade, whether in fruits, raisins or wine, say that the Act has absolutely put an end to all shipments to them by rail, and transferred the traffic with the Pacific Coast to ships. It is a marked evidence of the indirectness with which legislation often works that the first effective Act passed in the interest of our shipping trade in thirty years has proved to be one that nowhere mentions it.

While many men in business are thus able to declare in specific sums of dollars and cents what effects the Interstate Commerce Act has already had, Commissioners Schoonmaker and Cooley are of opinion that it is yet too early to determine what effect it will have. They have made a tour of the South to ascertain what its effects will be on that section, and find almost the entire Southern testimony to be that the Act will be mischievous in just the degree it shall be enforced, and salutary only to the extent it shall be trampled under foot and annulled. Judge Cooley says that most of the terror which the Act inspires is due to fears that it means something that it does not mean. He sees no reason why it should affect our Canadian trade, though the commercial agent of the United States, deriving his facts and views probably in part from the managers of the Canadian railways, reports to the State Department that it will affect our Canadian trade ruinously. Of the two, the railway managers are likely to apprehend the true effect of the Act on their own business before Judge Cooley does, and Judge Cooley will best understand its effect on their particular business when he hears it from them.

A statute which essentially provides that in the event that a Canadian railway, confessedly wholly beyond American jurisdiction, shall fail to comply with an American statute regulating its business and revenue, the goods transported over it from one part of the United States to another shall pay import duties, may well excite the distrust of Canadian railway managers. It is only by annulling it that it can be rendered harmless.

The Commission are evidently disposed to regard the Interstate Act as a sort of curious beast, of which they hold the tether, and that their duty is not to give it much line until they discover how far it can be trusted. Judge Cooley's view, that, as the public misapprehension concerning the true construction of the law is corrected, the disturbances will become comparatively unimportant, seems to imply that as the public finds out how little of it the Commissioners will enforce it will rest easier.

The Interstate Commission are therefore now in the position of the showman who has advertised for exhibition the first genuine live geyser ever exhibited to an intelligent public. The fear that it is a geyser is a little stronger than the hope that it is. Or, to make the case a little stronger, let us suppose Mr. Edison had advertised that, by the latest triumph of electric skill, he would draw down from the heavens into the midst of his audience a genuine stroke of lightning equal in power and intensity to the original article as manufactured by Thundering Jupiter. The principal aim of such a showman would be to satisfy his audience that the show would not fulfill the promise contained in the bills. Satisfy it that the show conforms to the bills, and every seat would immediately be emptied. As between destruction and a fraud, the cry of the audience would be, "Give us a fraud." So, as between the many follies intended by the Interstate Commerce Act and a harmless nullification of its so-called principles, the demand of the country now is for a nullification of its asininity.

#### ALLOTMENT OF LAND TO INDIANS.

THE United States Government, from the beginning of its existence almost up to the present time, has dealt with our Indian population, though native to the soil, as with foreigners, holding relations with them not as individuals, but only with their respective tribes. The recognition of their humanity, even, has been but a feeble sentiment, altogether insufficient to control or seriously to influence our legislation concerning them. The thought that they were capable of becoming citizens, and of partaking of the blessings of free government, and that this was in truth the only rational solution of the Indian problem, scarcely ever occurred to enlightened and philanthropic men. But at last we have come to see the truth, and are entering upon a course of action in harmony with justice. Hereafter we are to deal with the Indians, not as constituting so many tribes or separate governments, but as individuals owing allegiance to the nation, and to be incorporated into the body politic with all the responsibilities thereto pertaining. The change is nothing less than a revolution.

It is announced that the Secretary of the Interior has almost completed his arrangements for putting into execution the law of the last Congress allotting lands in severalty to Indians. The law provides that every head of an Indian family shall be settled upon 160 acres of the land heretofore forming a part of the tribal domain; every unmarried person over eighteen years of age and every orphan will have 80 acres; and every single person under eighteen, born before the President issues an order making allotments as a reservation, 40 acres. These allotments are to be inalienable for twenty-five years, and the lands remaining over are to be bought of the Indians by the Government, opened to settlement under the Homestead Law, and to be inalienable for five years. Their allotments once made, the Indians will be citizens of the United States, "entitled to all the rights, privileges and immunities of such citizens." The possession of their homesteads and the sale of their surplus lands will make them rich, perhaps the richest 260,000 people in the world. Compared with the negroes at the time of their emancipation, their pecuniary position will be most enviable.

The Indians living in what is known as the Indian Territory—

the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles, etc.—are necessarily excepted from the operation of the new law. That Territory, at a future day, may, perchance, under some fair arrangement, be admitted as a State into the Union, in common with all the other Territories in which Indian lands are situated. Then good-by to the costly Indian Bureau, with all its frauds and bother, and good-by in truth to the ancient and moss-grown "Indian problem," so long the self-inflicted perplexity and torment of this country. Well has Secretary Lamar said: "After incorporating into our body politic four millions of blacks and investing them with citizenship and suffrage, we need not strain at the gnat of 260,000 Indians. It would only be an additional morsel, and only a small one." It is an act of political injustice and wisdom, which American statesmanship should long ago have performed.

#### A NOVELIST WITH A PURPOSE.

IT is truly said that Mr. Walter Besant has been blessed beyond all the great men of English fiction who have written novels with a purpose, in seeing a swift and bountiful fruition of his desire. Only a few years since, Mr. Besant, in his novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," set before his countrymen the awful misery and degradation of the poor in the East End of London, which has been called the seat and citadel of savages, allied to mankind only by a fondness for gin, and the faculty of more or less articulate speech. To the "civilized classes" of London, this hopeless, brutal existence has been practically unknown, but Mr. Besant painted vividly, although with a necessary reserve, the unrelieved cheerlessness of that existence, and made the "better classes" understand that the ginshop was actually the only resource for variety and excitement of scores of thousands of their fellow-beings living at their very doors. But he did not stop here. His purpose was not to use human bestiality merely as "material," like Zola, and many other "realists," but to show a way to better the condition of the miserable. In his novel he pictured a "People's Palace," built for the free use of the poor, and abounding in resources for their entertainment and instruction. His plea was heard, his idea taken up and put into form, and out of his novel grew the "People's Palace," opened a few days since at the East End by the Queen of England, to whom the novelist was presented as a public benefactor. More gratifying, perhaps, was the appreciation of the novelist's work shown by the poor of Whitechapel. It was a unique triumph for the novelist, and for the power of fiction, when used for good. To another of his novels, "The Children of Gibbon," is mainly due a recent movement for examining into and improving the condition of laboring women; and it will be remembered that Mr. Besant has led the crusade against the "secret profit" system on the part of certain publishers. In other words, here is a novelist to whom "nothing human is foreign," who views his fellow-creatures not with the purely professional eye, but with warm-blooded sympathy, and a hearty purpose to use his gifts to help those about him. He has vindicated the novel with a purpose. No novelist could have a nobler monument than the "People's Palace."

MAYOR HEWITT's address to the locomotive engineers, a few days ago, was the kind of manly, sensible talk which is much needed in these days, when the mention of "labor" is apt to be the signal for sloppiness, incendiarism or intolerance. Mr. Hewitt in very simple language told his own experience. He himself was as good an example as could be found of what industry, sobriety and honesty can accomplish in this free country. And the moral was, that work does it. Mr. Hewitt refuses to acknowledge any irreconcilable difference between labor and capital, and he treats "agitators" with the same contempt that he would show to capitalists who might demand that laboring men should have no right of voice or opinion. Mr. Hewitt is a striking figure, blunt, outspoken, and absolutely sincere, with no selfish or political ends to serve. All that he lacks is good health; but, taking him as he is, there is no more sensible and honest man in public life in New York, and no one whose influence is more powerful for law and order and the equal rights of all.

If there is one institution of which, more than any other, our people have a right to be proud, it is the Supreme Court of the United States. From the foundation of the Government to the present time it has commanded the respect of the people, and, while it has frequently been called upon to decide controversies involving political issues, its decrees have rarely been questioned and never resisted. This is the more remarkable because during the greater part of the century the Court has not been in political accord with the Administration, as it is not now. In appointing Mr. Justice Woods's successor, President Cleveland will, of course, select a Democrat, and probably a Southern man. The party has many prominent men in the South who would adorn the Supreme Bench, and the new Judge ought to go to the Court, as we have no doubt he will, without any pledge or tacit understanding that he will decide any case in a given way. This remark is suggested by dispatches from Washington recalling the opinion of the Court in the Virginia cases involving the constitutionality of the Riddleberger readjustment of the State debt, in which the law was sustained by a majority of one, Justice Woods being one of the majority. Whatever the country may think about Readjustment, it desires that the new Judge shall go upon the Bench free to decide all questions uninfluenced by any previous understanding.

THE Jubilee celebrations already in progress in England and in the colonies have been undeniably the occasion of manifestations of loyalty more unbounded and sincere than even the most devoted adherent to the throne could have anticipated. There is, however, one gloomy spot in the otherwise perfect picture. The royal figure which occupies the most prominent position in the foreground has been only able to sustain her part in the celebrations at the cost of well-nigh complete physical exhaustion. It had been for some time seriously questioned if the Queen was sufficiently strong to endure the tremendous strain which the several ceremonies connected with the Jubilee celebrations would entail upon her. Apparently she has not been. The royal progress through London on Saturday week last exceeded in splendor anything of a similar character that has taken place in the English metropolis; and no city in the world knows how to don its gala dress with more regal pomp and circumstance than London. But the Queen in whose honor all this pageantry was held, appeared to be completely overcome; she had to be lifted into her carriage and out of it by the Prince of Wales and her attendant gillie. There was not the slightest reason for personal fear, but it was evident that the fierce excitement of the moment was too much for her. The magnificent reception which was accorded the Queen both in East and West London, the display of loyal feeling evoked from the multitudes who thronged the thoroughfares—prominent among whom was an Indian Maharajah, who, when his Empress of India approached, knelt in the fervor of his Eastern devotion—was not sufficient to drive the wearied expression from the royal face. At the subsequent receptions the Queen acted her queenly part with self-sacrificing devotion, but

it was evident that great prostration of mind and body was likely to follow. Indeed, the gravest fears are now entertained that the Queen's health has been permanently injured by the fatigues and excitements consequent upon the Jubilee celebrations, and it is probably true that the demonstrations which have marked the fiftieth year of her reign will be the last occasion upon which Queen Victoria will appear in public in her royal character.

THE report of the Reform League of Baltimore, printed in full in the *Maryland Civil Service Reformer* for May, is a remarkable revelation of the debauched condition of politics in that city. At the municipal election of 1886 all the provisions of the law were violated in the selection of judges of election. Out of 540 judges, twenty-nine were employees of the City, State or Federal Government, fourteen were not registered voters in the precincts in which they served, thirty-three Democrats served as Republican judges, and twenty-five who were physically or mentally incompetent were put in as Republicans. In at least ninety precincts the minority had practically no representation. Of the Democratic judges, 132 were of known bad character, and thirty-two had been indicted for various crimes. The investigations of the League, which has succeeded in convicting five judges and two clerks of fraud in the election, show that there were at least 8,000 names on the registration book which should not have been there. What with repeating and ballot-box stuffing, it appears that about 7,000 votes were fraudulent. The "Gorman Ring" is now apparently at the height of its power, but public sentiment against it is increasing, and it may be that this ring, like others before it, will soon be despoiled of its power; a most desirable consummation, for which new registration laws will be necessary first, and eternal vigilance afterwards.

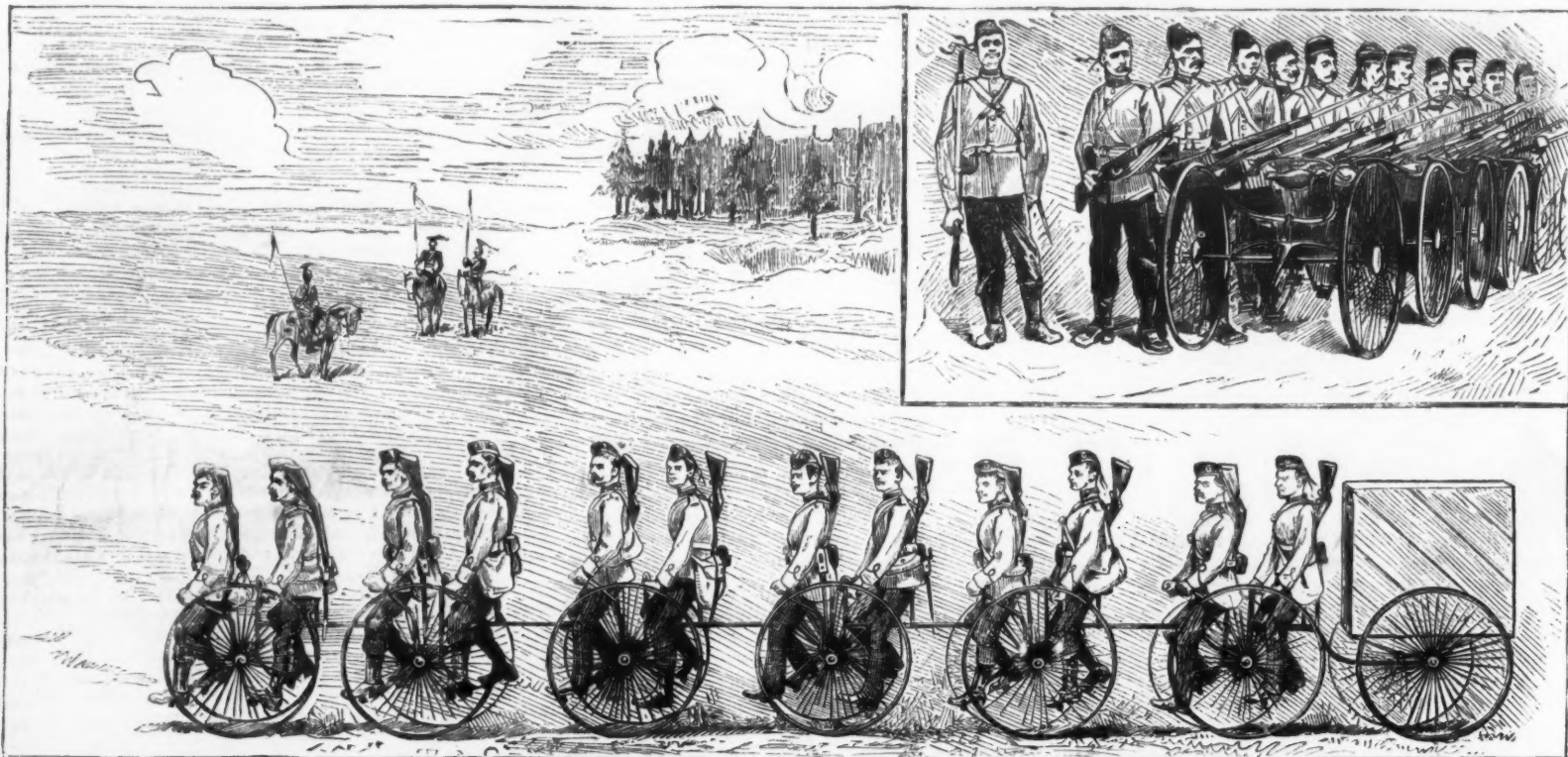
THE defeat of the Government in France on the question of a reduction in the estimates submitted to the Chamber, and the consequent resignation of M. Goblet and the other Ministers, are events which seem to have no political meaning out of France; and yet their significance for France, and for every country in Europe, can scarcely be called less than grave. The Committee on the Budget required a reduction in the estimates; and the Government declared it had made all possible reductions, and could go no further. On this ensued the collision and the defeat. Another Cabinet will be formed, possibly a reconstruction of the late one, and then the position will be much what it was before, because the necessities of the case are instant and permanent. The amount of the debt and the tremendous burden of the standing army are the two weights which press more and more pitilessly on every people of Europe. And the situation will not permanently improve so long as each nation feels compelled to stand with its hand on the sword. To-day it is Carlyle's "noble, patient Germany," which makes it impossible for honest people to sleep in peace; and the French Cabinet crisis is primarily due to the utter insecurity of Europe so long as Germany is what she is. If Germany were as free as France and Italy, the vicious circle in which Europe revolves might be broken by an accord between the three. Determined simply to keep the peace themselves, and to resist those who would break it, these three Powers could put an end to the chronic terrors which threaten European civilization.

THE labor troubles in Chicago are still unsettled. The hod-carriers, masons and bricklayers are either refusing to work or are locked out by their employers; building, which promised to be exceptionally extensive this season, is at a standstill, and there is no immediate prospect of an adjustment of the difficulty. Probably the workmen will lose their Summer's earnings, throw away millions of dollars in wages, waste their time, ruin their credit, and cause an advance in their own rents and an increase in the expenses of living, and then have to settle the controversy as it might and ought to be settled now. The fact that so many disastrous strikes have occurred in Chicago is due, of course, to the influence in the unions of the labor demagogues, mostly Socialists and Anarchists, who are in many instances "running" the organizations. Their interference by "walking delegates" and otherwise, often without good reason, has caused general demoralization and a feverish state of unrest among the workmen, and as a result of these unreasonable exactions, employers have been driven to declare that henceforth they will manage their own business in their own way, fighting all opposition to the bitter end. The lesson in the case is obvious. Some organization of workmen is, we believe, necessary. Employers are not always just, and the laborer fights a very unequal battle when he joins issue, single-handed, with the capitalist. But the trade union, if ruled by demagogues, may be more oppressive than grasping employers, for it may and does drive the workman to strike when he feels that he has no good reason to do so, and, instead of removing causes of difference, creates new difficulties and exaggerates old ones. Labor organizations are a curse instead of a blessing when, as in Chicago, they foment discontent and raise controversies instead of removing causes of disagreement.

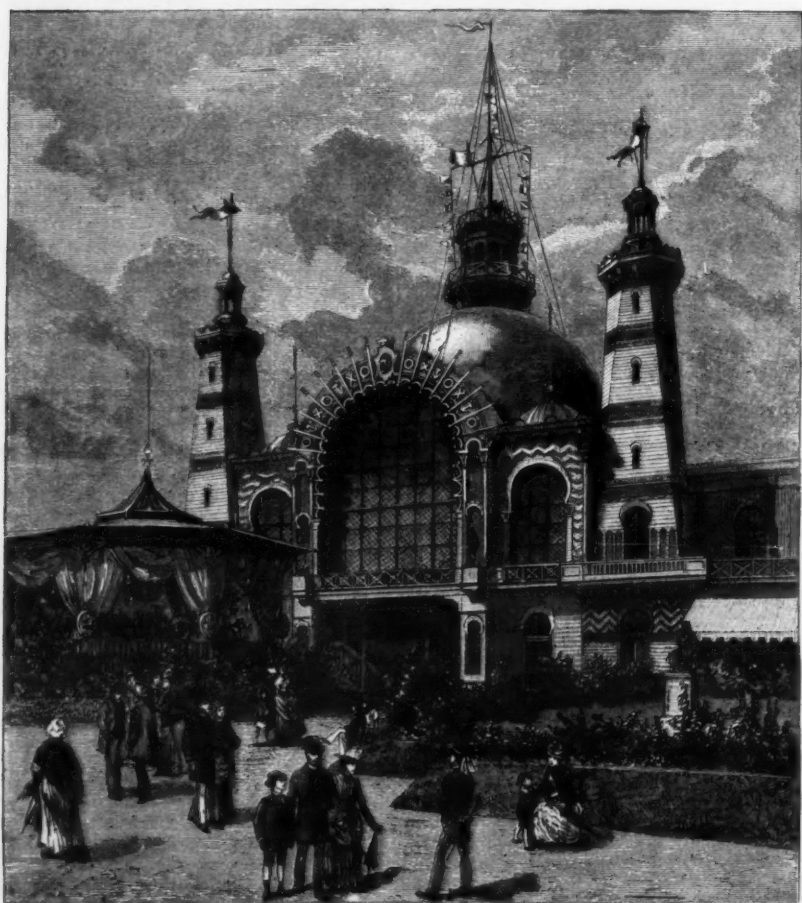
NO WAGE-LABORERS in this country work under conditions so hard and exacting as the coal-miners, while in point of intelligence they are often of a very low grade. To the selfish and hard-hearted capitalist or his agent—and there are such, though they are exceptional—the ignorance and helplessness of the miners is a temptation to the exercise of the grossest injustice and even cruelty. Of this we have an example now at Hazelbrook, Pa., where the men employed in the mines operated by J. S. Wentz & Co. have been on a strike for several weeks. Of the reasons for the strike we have no adequate knowledge. They may be, for aught that we know, unreasonable; but even if that is the case, it is no justification of measures adopted by the mine-owners. The company, it seems, owns everything in the neighborhood of the mine. They will neither lease nor sell a foot of ground. The miners, if they work for the company at all, must do so under the liability of being turned out of their houses—hovels, rather—at the caprice of the owners. "Work on our terms and obey our behests or starve," is the alternative presented by the company, which by such means reduces its workmen to the lowest state of degradation. The miners, it seems, have sought to better their condition by joining the Knights of Labor; but having thus incurred the hostility of the company, they are now being driven forth to starve, as if they had no more rights than so many beasts. If they wish to remove or sell their scanty furniture, they are denied the privilege of doing so, since the company will not allow a horse or cart on the premises to take it away. When at work, they must purchase all the necessities of life from the stores provided by the company, and at whatever prices the owners may charge, payment for the same being deducted from their wages by accountants who are not concerned to protect them in their rights. Pinkerton's police have been employed to drive men, women and children from their homes, throw the furniture out of doors and nail them up. Even the sick have in some cases been cruelly expelled and left without food or shelter, or the means of obtaining them. It is a disgrace to civilization, to say nothing of Christianity, that human beings, in this age and country, can be reduced to extremities like these.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 239.



GREAT BRITAIN.—TESTING THE NEW MILITARY "MULTICYCLE," AT ALDERSHOT.



FRANCE.—ENTRANCE TO THE INTERNATIONAL MARITIME EXPOSITION AT HAVRE.



ITALY.—NEW MONUMENT TO VICTOR EMMANUEL, AT VENICE.



ENGLAND.—A VICTIM OF POPULARITY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION—BUSTS OF HENRY M. STANLEY.



ENGLAND.—THE JUBILEE EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER—THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING THE CATHEDRAL.





CONNECTICUT.—HON. JAMES W. HYATT, THE NEW TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.  
PHOTO BY READMAN BROS.

THE LATE "EXTRA BILLY" SMITH.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM SMITH, who died at his home, near Warrenton, on the 18th instant, had been prominent in Virginia politics for more than sixty years. He was born in King George County, in September, 1797, and was educated in Connecticut and Virginia. He studied law, and in 1818 he began to practice his profession in Culpepper County, in his native State, and immediately interested himself in politics. After serving the Democracy as a stump speaker in a dozen campaigns he was elected to the State Senate by his party in 1830. There he served five years, next entering the political arena in 1841 in a triangular contest for a seat in Congress. He was elected, and served his term; but at its close found that a reapportionment had made his district strongly Whig. Then he removed to Fauquier County, where, in December, 1845, having just returned from one of his courts, he was addressed by one of his friends as "Governor Smith." He asked what was meant by this, and was told that he was Governor-elect of Virginia. The Legislature had elected him Governor for three years from the 1st of January, 1846, without even consulting him. He accepted the honor, although at a personal sacrifice, and filled out his term of three years.

In 1850 Governor Smith went to California, and was President of the first Democratic convention held in that State. Within a year, he was back in Virginia, and in 1853 he was elected to Congress where he remained until 1861. In June of that year he was commissioned Colonel of the Forty-seventh Virginia Volunteers, and soon after was elected to the Confederate Congress. He resigned his seat, a year later, for the more active duties of the field, and was promoted to the rank of Major-general, receiving a serious wound at Antietam. He was elected Governor again in 1863, for a term of four years. After the war, Governor Smith's connection with politics was less active, but he served one term in the Virginia House of Delegates. During his long life he was prominent in many other ways than as a politician, one of his achievements while yet a young man being the establishment of a line of post-coaches through Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. He contracted to carry the mails in these coaches, and his demand for extra compensation gave him the nickname of "Extra Billy," which clung to him until his death.

HON. JAMES W. HYATT,  
TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.

HON. JAMES W. HYATT, of Connecticut, just appointed to be Treasurer of the United States, is a native of Norwalk, in that State, and is about fifty years of age. He attended the public schools until he was thirteen years of age, when he began active business life as a clerk, afterwards establishing himself in Stamford. He continued to do business in that town for five years, when he came to New York, and from 1860 to 1872 was employed as the confidential clerk of the late Le Grand Lockwood, the banker. Mr. Hyatt returned to Norwalk in 1873, where he was soon afterwards elected Warden of the Borough. He also held the office of Justice of the Peace, and was Vice-president of the Danbury and Norwalk Railroad Company until 1881, when he became President of the Company. In 1874 Mr. Hyatt was elected President of the Norwalk Horse Railroad Company, and has held that office ever since without intermission. In 1875 and 1876 he was a member of the Lower House of the Connecticut Legislature and Chairman of the Committee of Finance. At the close of his term, in 1878, Governor Ingersoll appointed Mr. Hyatt Bank Commissioner, which place he held up to February last, when he resigned. Mr. Hyatt was a Republican up to 1872, when he became a Democrat, ever since acting with that party. In 1883 he was elected to the State Senate, but resigned before the expiration of his term, as he found his office as Bank Commissioner inconsistent with that of State Senator. Upon his resignation of the Bank Commissionership, in February, he was appointed National Bank Examiner.

JACOB SHARP AT THE BAR.

THE climax of the New York "boodle" prosecutions was reached last week, in the opening of the trial of Jacob Sharp for bribing the Aldermen to grant him a franchise for the Broadway Railroad. This trial is now proceeding in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judge Barrett. Three of the bribed Aldermen are already serving out their terms in the Sing Sing prison; and the bringing of the chief bribe-giver before the bar of justice may be regarded as the most notable event of the kind since the trial of Tweed.

Last week was chiefly spent in the tedious drawings of the jury

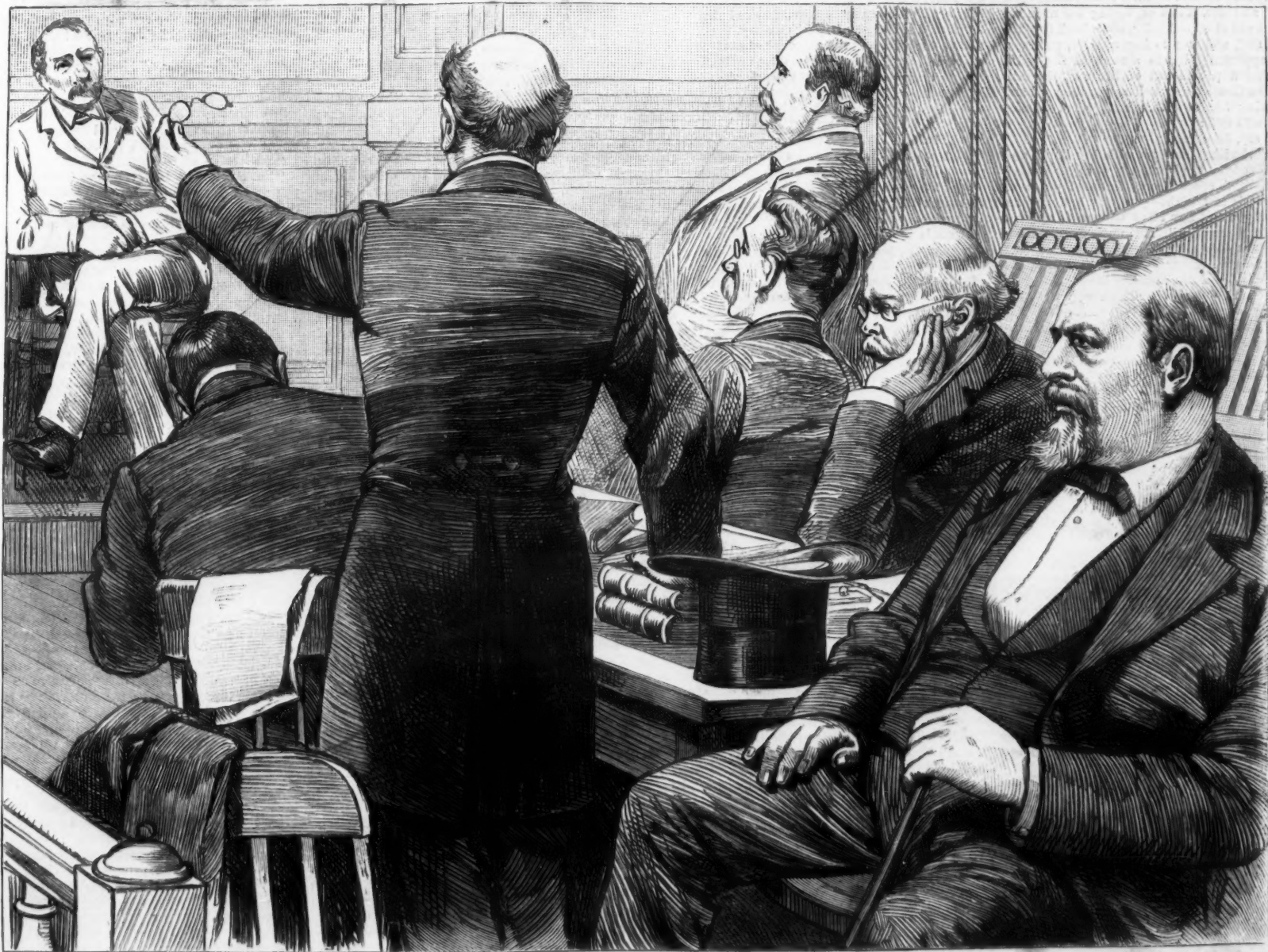


VIRGINIA.—THE LATE WILLIAM SMITH, JURIST, GENERAL, STATESMAN AND GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH.  
PHOTO BY BELL.

lottery. Sharp, with his yellowish-gray hair and beard, and heavy, stolid face, sat regarding the proceeding with a dull stare. About him were Albert Stickney, ex-Judge William Fullerton, ex-Senator Homer A. Nelson, John E. Parsons, George F. Canfield, and Peter Mitchell, all of whom are Sharp's counsel. The State was represented by District Attorney Martine, Mr. Nicoll, Colonel Fellows and Mr. Semple, all of whom are the regular staff of the office.

Although the Commissioner of Jurors seemed to have furnished an extraordinarily dull and opinionless lot of men to draw from, it took a good deal of sifting to find any who were not prejudiced against "Jake" Sharp. During Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, however, 160 of the 300 men impaneled were examined, with the result of a full box of twelve jurors possibly available. Half of these were changed on Thursday, the fourth day, and the result is a very fair group of men, who at the present writing seem likely to be permanently accepted and sworn in. By the time these lines reach our readers, therefore, the great trial will no doubt be well under way.

Our picture represents the process of examination by the District Attorney, and shows one of the defendant's counsel in the act of interposing an objection.



Jacob Sharp.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE TRIAL OF JACOB SHARP, ON A CHARGE OF BRIBERY, IN THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER—COUNSEL FOR THE ACCUSED INTERROGATING A JUROR.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.



## DEATH IN LIFE.

DEAR, if you stood by my coffin head,  
Sad and silent as mourners stand  
Who look for the last time on their dead,  
Would you fold a rose in my quiet hand,  
And drop a tear and a whispered prayer,  
For the poor tired heart that was resting there?

Love, would you shrink from the solemn sight  
Of eyelids frozen and bosom stilled?  
The darkness of death is warmth and light,  
To the weary life that is hurt and chilled;  
And the gate that opens for souls' release  
Is the gate that leads into endless peace.

Nay, poor darling! who blames you much?  
For a little while you loved me well.  
Love went as it came, in a smile, a touch,  
A tear, a whisper. . . Ah, who can tell?  
For no one, dear, in God's world may know  
Why love must come, and why love must go!

Yet, if I were dead, would you weep and say  
A little prayer that my soul might rest?  
But, darling, pray for me now; pray, pray!  
And weep for me, living—the dead are blest.  
Oh, weep for the life that goes on and on  
When love's dear treasure is lost and gone!

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

## THE STRIKE AT MORTON'S MILLS.

BY FANNIE AYMAR MATHEWS.

MISSOURI GRAVES tied on her green-checked sun-bonnet, took up a tin pan and crossed the road to the vegetable garden in the warm June sunshine. She was tugging at some stout beet-roots, when a sharp voice accosted her, coming over the rail fence and through the tall beanpoles.

"Mornin', sister; how be you?"  
"Bout as usual, Floridy," Missouri answers, without raising her head.

"Dan'l pretty smart along now?"

"Pretty smart."  
"Well, it's more'n Zek'el Hawkins is, I can tell you! Never see such times in all my born days, never!"

"Bad enough," Missouri says, doggedly, pulling up more beets and throwing them into her pan.

"What's it all mean, anyhow, Missouri Graves? I'd just like to have some one tell me that!"

"Guess you would!" Mrs. Graves casts up one eye to inspect her sister as she speaks.

"Mills all 'bout stopped, hands a-hangin' round the hotel and Jenks's store, a-doin' nuthin' but drinkin' up their Winter savin's and speekifyin' and shoutin', and gettin' pamphlets printed down to Frenchtown. I can't see no sense in none of it. I told Zek'el Hawkins so this very mornin', I did!"

"It's awful, it is," Mrs. Graves says, finally setting down her pan, and drawing up in a shuffling fashion to the gateway where Mrs. Hawkins leans. "Goin' down street?"

"Yes, I be. I'm going to Jenks's store to get some sugar and lard."

"Well!" Mrs. Graves lays her brown hand upon the latch, and Mrs. Hawkins, taking the unintentional hint not at all unkindly, steps back into the footpath, and, nodding to her relative, passes on her way, apparently, for in a moment she halts, and kicking a pebble out of her way, she calls back to Mrs. Graves, now well across the road and just entering her own threshold, which adjoins her husband's mill:

"Oh, I say, Missouri!"

"Well!" shading her eyes with her hand, and turning back from the kitchen, "what yer want?"

"Oh, nothin' special, only I heard down to Squire Jones's last night—you wasn't there, was you?—that you and Dan'l had 'bout made up your minds to take boarders." It is quite evident from Mrs. Hawkins's expression of countenance that this bit of news, rather than sugar or lard, has been her mission down street.

"Well!" Mrs. Graves ejaculates, somewhat defensively; "what of it?"

"Well, I must say I'm kinder took back, Missouri Graves."

"Be you?" Mrs. Graves enunciates the two words clearly, and with no shadow of conciliation.

"Yes, I be. There ain't none of our family ever took in boarders; in fact, boarders has always been scarce at Morton's Mills, and I didn't think as you and Dan'l'd be the first, and not consultin' or anything friendly like." And Mrs. Hawkins's purple bonnet-strings wave nervously about her thin chin as she adjusts them with trembling fingers.

"Didn't you?"

"No. It's true then, Missouri, is it?"

"I s'pose so."

"Well, I never! What possesses you and Dan'l anyhow? A invitin' riot and ruin into your home! There's your best haircloth sofa and chairs, good as new, and bought when you was married twenty-three years ago; what'll they be, I'd like to know, after a half-a-dozen children's been a-playin' horse on 'em for a few weeks? And your best sittin'-room carpet, as Anna Jenks and me sewed the rags for; what'll it be, I wonder, when your boarders is gone back to the city they came from, eh? I'd just like to know!"

"Can't say," Mrs. Graves has seated herself on the doorstep, and is vacantly staring at the cat playing in the sunshine.

Mrs. Hawkins utters a groan, and sniffs the air in a combination of sorrow and anger.

"What's Dorindy think 'bout it?"

"Oh, she's agreeable."

"She is! Well, I never! Girls never did have no sense anyhow."

"I s'pose"—Florida Hawkins draws nearer to the doorstep, as she lowers her shrill voice—"I s'pose there ain't no talk of her and 'Ras Partickler bein' married this Summer, is there, Missouri?"

"Not much; Floridy Hawkins, you must be agoin' crazy—a if Dorindy could get married when me and her father's just come down to

takin' in boarders. I declare, Floridy Hawkins, you're just too tryin' for anything!"

At this point Mrs. Graves sees fit to burst into tears, and to rise, enter her house and slam the door violently in the face of Mrs. Hawkins, who presently, shaking her head, proceeds on her way "down street."

Morton's Mills lies away and afar under the shadow of green hills, one of those quaint little New England manufacturing towns that one must live in to appreciate, or even to realize. Morton, the potentate who virtually owned the "mills," had a handsome residence in Boston, and seldom visited this part of his vast property. The different mills were rented to their masters, usually on long leases, and these men, half farmers—for Morton's Mills shot up its smoky tall chimneys in as pretty and pastoral a country as could be found—half artisans, governed among themselves the twelve hundred workmen who fed the fires, and tended the wheels, and toiled long days through, turning out finally the finest blanket-shawls made anywhere.

Of late there had been a strike—a desultory, forlorn attempt at something, the workmen themselves scarcely knew what—an echo of that mighty throbbing which was convulsing the world beyond the soft green hills that shut in Morton's Mills from most of the din and turmoil of master and man. There was nothing organized; there was no union; no leader as yet; no distinct purpose; some of the men went quietly on with their daily employment, and some would not—that was all; but as yet there had not been an attempt on the part of the non-workers to coerce their fellows into joining their protest for more pay and fewer hours.

The mill that Daniel Graves leased, together with the stone farmhouse that joined it, lay, a long, low, rambling structure, almost half the length of Lily Pond—the round little lakelet fed by the rushing hill-streams that turned the wheels and kept them whirling the year round from daylight until dark.

It was a quaint old place; Daniel Graves's grandfather had built it, and his father, in some stress, had sold it to John Morton. On the east gable his legend stood to-day as legible and upright as it had a century and more ago, when mills and blanket-shawls were both unthought of things hereabouts, and when he and his young wife had moved in from a log-cabin in the North clearing.

As Florida Hawkins returned from her visit to Jenks's store, refreshed with having bestowed upon Mr. Jenks himself quite a piece of her mind on the prolific theme of "takin' in boarders"—a monstrosity which by all accounts Mrs. Jenks also had in active contemplation—she passed before her sister's home, and raising her eyes, permitted them to rest on the east gable that lay next the road.

D. & A.  
G.  
1764.

"Dan'l and Anna Graves," murmured the worthy lady. "Well, it's a mercy that they're both of 'em six feet deep in the Baptist Cemetery, for if they wasn't they'd certainly have a set of fits! Boarders! Well, well! What if the men in Dan'l's mill has stopped work! What if he can't 'ford to give 'em no more pay! What if they have to skrimp and do without store goods; what if Dorindy and 'Ras Partickler can't get married!—s'pose I'd take in a boarder? No! I'd work in the mills myself first, I would; but Missouri Graves was always poorly-like, peaked, and not much spirit. Well!"

And thus soliloquizing, Florida Hawkins began to twitch the purple bonnet-strings tighter, and trudged on.

Dorinda at this moment sat "round back" by the woodpile, peeling the potatoes for dinner, and laughing with her lover in happy unconsciousness of her Aunt Florida's aspersions upon the generally debilitated condition of her mother's character. In fact, far from regarding "the boarder" in the objectionable light thrown upon it by the "spurred" lens of Mrs. Hawkins, Dorinda seemed disposed to hail it as a godsend.

"Don't you see, 'Ras, it'll be ever so much of a help, and instead of father's gettin' behindhand, why, he'll just get forward—and—"

"Go on," 'Ras says, noting the pretty flush dyeing all her round cheeks up to the little rings of her chestnut hair. "Go on," he repeats, watching with lazy admiration the deeper dye.

"You know," Dorinda whispers, her head sinking lower over the potato-pan.

"No, I don't," 'Ras says, provokingly. "How should I, tell me?"

His dark comely head bends nearer to hers, his dark eyes look steadily into her blue ones, and his swarthy face leans close to the girl's soft cheek.

There was French blood in the young fellow's veins; somewhere in the past a foreigner had tramped into the hill village with his wife and child, unable to speak a word of English, with worn shoes and little luggage. His name was Eraste Petit Clerc, so he wrote it out; he was a good workman at his craft of shoemaking, and a better judge of horses. This was 'Ras Partickler's grandfather, a wanderer from Canada; and 'Ras Partickler himself still bore the tinct of the hot French blood in his heart, the strength and knowledge of his grandsire with horses.

He was Dorinda's betrothed, and approved by father, mother, aunt and uncle.

"A likely fellow as'd never come to want; and mighty fond of Dorindy, that was one sure thing!" Mrs. Hawkins indorsed the match, and thereafter there was little else to be said.

"Goin' to tell me, Dorinda?"

"Yes."

She smiles up at him blithely.

"Well?"

"Mr. Morton's son, Ernest Morton, 's goin' to be our first boarder."

The girl laughs at her lover's discomfited face.

"Oh, is he?" 'Ras frowns.

"Yes; he's taken the back bedroom and the sittin'-room all for himself, and he's goin' to pay—"

"The sittin'-room!" 'Ras says, turning quickly. Dorinda nods.

"Well!" 'Ras's knife shoots out of his hand and sticks straight in the bark of the pine-tree over by the woodpile; his tone mates well with the crack of the steel in the wood. "What's to become of us Sunday nights, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, now, 'Ras, we'll do well enough. It's warm weather now, I'm sure, and we can sit on the verandy and take walks, and row on the pond, and go ridin'—I'm sure we'll do all right."

'Ras crosses the narrow, chippy yard, and jerks the knife out of the tree.

"What's he a-comin' here for, anyhow?—that's what I'd like to know."

"Why, he's an artist, and he wants to paint the old house, gable end out, and the pond, and all that."

"Oh, he's a painter, is he?"

'Ras's emphasis is anything but indicative of either respect or admiration for the chosen art of Mr. Ernest Morton.

"Of course he is! And then, besides, old Mr. Morton wrote father he thought his son's being here just now might have a kinder good effect on the men."

"Oh, did he?"

'Ras's knife takes another flight, this time deep in the apple-tree that leans against the mill-house.

"He's smart, now, isn't he!" Mr. Partickler continues, ironically. "It's so mighty likely now, ain't it, that a feller as spends his time a-paintin' gable ends and millponds, and a-hirin' sittin'-rooms all to himself, is a-goin' to have a good effect on the men as works these here mills!"

Mr. Partickler whistles softly to himself as he again releases his knife from the bark.

"Come, now, 'Ras, you needn't take on so," Dorinda says, throwing her last potato-paring at a small and terrified chicken. "I don't see as young Mr. Morton's ever done you no harm."

"Like to see him!" 'Ras says, taking his sweetheart's pretty head in his big, hard hands, and giving her red lips a soft, long kiss.

"Like to see him!" he repeats, holding her off from him, and staring at her with fond, fierce eyes. "I tell you, Dorindy Graves, the man as does harm to me—or to you—had just better look out for himself!"

And 'Ras strolls out of the mill-yard, and up the road, to his home and his horses and his dinner.

Mr. Ernest Morton shortly appeared at Morton's Mills, and ere long seemed as much at home in the "back bedroom and the sittin'-room" as if the major part of his existence had been passed in these stiff and arid shades, rather than in the social centres of polite learning and elegant furnishing.

He was a peaceable enough fellow, with the slow, languorous beauty of light, wavering, pleasure-loving eyes, mobile pink lips, and hair as fair and softly ringed as any child's; he sauntered in and out of the wide kitchen much as if it had been his mother's boudoir, and stood leaning, often, over the half-door, gazing, with undisguised, frank admiration, at Dorinda going about her daily tasks of housewifeliness.

'Ras watched him?

Of course he did; with his dark, Latin eyes, and a quick rush of crimson blood to his brown cheeks; watched him well.

And Dorinda?

Well, Dorinda laughed and tossed her pretty head, and secretly admired the soft white hands and the pure white face and the languid dilettanteism of the young artist.

Peaceable as he was, his coming to Morton's Mills had seemed to be the signal for a more pronounced activity on the part of the strikers. By the middle of July there was organization, there was union, a distinct purpose to have what they clamored for, and a very palpable leader in the form of Joe Doyle, a puny, pallid creature—the hitherto foreman of Daniel Graves's mill—whose powers of oratory and persuasion were great among his class, and whose influence and dictum came to be overwhelming.

However, the roar of Frenchtown, that district of Morton's Mills given up exclusively to the artisans' houses, had dwindled, by the time it reached the Graveses' house, to but a confused murmur, to which as yet no one, unless it were Daniel Graves himself, now grown morose and taciturn, paid much attention.

"Bah!" Ernest Morton said, rolling a fresh cigarette with the white fingers that so dazzled Dorinda. "Bah! let them growl; they will soon grow tired of it; I fancy their patience is no greater stock than my father's or Mr. Graves's, and their capital is—!" The young heir puffs a bland ring of blue smoke across the kitchen, and turns his laughing face to Mrs. Graves.

"Guess you be 'bout right there, Mr. Morton," Missouri says, chopping away at her mincemeat. "What be you goin' to paint now?" queried the worthy woman, as she watches him gathering together his brushes and palette.

"Well, you see, Mrs. Graves, I'm going to try my hand at flowers."

"Well, now, be you?" ejaculates Missouri.

"A flower, I should say," corrects the young man, with a smile which answers Dorinda's, and reckons little of the swarthy face that for a moment shows at the window and passes on.

"Some o' my 'pineys and hollyhocks, I calculate, eh, Mr. Morton?"

"No," returns the painter, cheerfully; "your June rose."

"Lor, me! they're all blowed and done with."

"Not all," Ernest says, laughing, as he and Dorinda walk out into the sunshine, cross the yard, creep through the break in the rail fence, and saunter on into the old orchard.

In a very little while the easel is up, and the canvas stretched with its misty outline of the day before shaped well in semblance of the girl's

lasson figure; the umbrella shades his head from the sun, and the leafy luxuriance of the low-growing, gnarled apple-tree, against which she leans, shelters her. He does not paint steadily; far from it; and yet beneath his brush gradually the rose face of Dorinda Graves smiles back at him—a rose in her hand, a rosy, filmy dress, of a weave Dorinda never even saw in all her life, enveloping her from head to foot.

"There!" he cries, throwing down his palette. "You must be tired; come and sit down, or, better still, sit down there, on that mossy old trunk, and I will sit beside you."

With indolent grace he throws himself at her feet.

"You're warm—warm and tired; what a brute I am to have kept you standing there so long!" He takes one of the brown hands in his and looks at it pensively.

"No, I ain't warm," Dorinda says, flushing in furious balance of her speech. "Be you?"

"I? I am more thoroughly comfortable than I ever was before in my life."

His tone sinks until it seems to mingle with the soft sweet hum of the crickets and the grasshoppers, threading their way through the long or chard grass on which he lies.

"Be you?" murmurs the girl.

"Yes. Ah, you know I am, don't you, Dorinda?"

"No, I don't know," she whispers.

"Shall I tell you?"

He has both brown hands now held fast in his, close to his pink, tremulous lips.

Dorinda nods, her head sinking on her breast.

"I am happy because I am with you, because I love you; do you think you could be as happy with me—always?"

Her head sinks lower.

And as he waits for her answer, the old life seems to him so pitiful and so bare!—such lights do July suns, shifting through bent apple-boughs, throw upon a fair girl's face—and only this life here in the green meadows, with two little hard brown hands clasped close in his, looks by far the best and sweetest.

"Well?"

"Oh, yes," she falters, and then across the field she sees 'Ras going to water his horses at the other side of Lily Pond, and she springs to her feet, and rushes like a frightened thing back to the house and down into the cool, dim spaces of the dairy.

'Ras may have seen her, and he may not; in any event he did not come near the mill that night, nor for many nights after.

Mrs. Hawkins, by some mysterious prescience, always had been, her life long, the possessor of every one's goings and comings; and, as may be imagined, she did not fail to note, nor yet to chronicle, the change in 'Ras's behavior.

"Now, you just look here, Missouri Graves," nodded Mrs. Hawkins, confidentially, as she leaned as usual over the garden-wicket, where to-day Mrs. Graves was employed in picking the last crop of peas for dinner; "Dorindy can't come no nonsense over me like she can with you and her par—she and 'Ras Partickler's quarreled! there! sure! I'm Floridy Hawkins."

"Oh, no, they ain't," Mrs. Graves replies, peevishly, snapping off the ripe pods one by one.

"You can't tell me! Don't I know the signs well enough? Wa'n't Zek'el Hawkins and me keepin' company two years and more, and didn't we quarrel once a month reg'lar?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Now, you just better b'lieve 'Ras don't like young Mr. Morton's foolin' round Dorindy so; and paintin' of her portrait, tricked out in them pink muslin curtains-like, and a-walkin' and a-rowin' with her—"

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaims Mrs. Graves.

"Tain't, neither, and you'll find it out too. Dorindy'd better look sharp; 'Ras Partickler ain't the kind to get upset that way—a-not eatin', Mis' Partickler says, and not a-sleepin'—just for talk!"

"Floridy Hawkins, you always was a-lookin' out for ill—always! Dorindy's steady, and she and 'Ras ain't quarreled at all—now!"

But they had, although the maternal and provident soul of Mrs. Graves refused to admit the fact; although 'Ras and Dorinda had had no words, they had quarreled; such quarrels as are all the more bitter from their silence, all the fuller of pain to one from the very tacitness of the conduct of the other.

And all the while that Ernest Morton walked and read, and rowed and painted, beside Dorinda Graves—the happy Summer days slipping softly away in leisurely languor—the trouble, grown grievous, was brewing down in Frenchtown.

The storm, long creeping up, had finally reached its climax, and this sweet moonlighted August night, Joe Doyle and his mates, inflamed with the mill-masters' long and stubborn resistance, urged by the success of their fellows in other parts of the country, maddened by the lack of bread and the crying babies in their cottages, swooped down like a pack of ravening wolves upon Morton's Mills, and, shouting their grievances to any one who would listen, they came to a final halt at Daniel Graves's doorstep.

"What is he?" yelled Joe Doyle, while all his companions took up his words and shouted them like a hoarse refrain.

"What be who?" is't me you're lookin' for?" Daniel says, quietly, pushing back his terrified wife, while Dorinda flies across the entry to the sitting-room to seek the boarder.

"No, tain't; we ain't got nothin' to say to you!"

"We're lookin' for principals, we are. We're lookin' for young Morton—we're lookin' for the man as his father sent down here to steal the bread out of our mouths; to put you mill-masters up to a hold-in' out agin us, and a-payin' you to do it! That's who we're lookin' for!"

The crowd takes up the name of Morton, and shouts it, with curses and imprecations, up and down the line.



Graves turns in to his kitchen. "Whar is he?" screams Doyle, mounting on the horseblock, and waving a club in the air above his head. "Ef you don't tell, you needn't; we'll find him, and ef we do, thar won't be much of him left!"

Dorinda, cowering close in arms that tremble, has never, will never in all her life to come, hear aught as terrible as the dull, melancholy, positive, cracking roar of human voices that now sounds in her ears.

"Go out to 'em!" murmurs the girl; "go out to 'em—I know 'em well; show 'em you ain't afear'd of 'em, and there ain't one of 'em as won't leave off."

He loosens her clasping, clinging hands that tighten over his arm—loosens them with tense, harsh fingers.

"Go out and speak to 'em—oh, show 'em you're a man and a gentleman, and they'll not do you no harm. Lor! would I tell you to do it if I didn't know 'em and their ways!"

Dorinda is kneeling by him, the tears on her lashes, her face as pale as his; she catches wildly at his garments as the hateful shout grows more vehement, nearer.

But he tears himself free of her without a word; and, shivering in his abject terror, Ernest Morton springs up the back staircase, and she hears him latching, bolting, barring the door of the garret-chamber with every available bit of furniture that he can lay hands upon. She stands there like one petrified, and only one great empty ruinous thought, long as life and sharp as death, stares her straightly in the face—that her idol is worse than clay, and that her clay is more than idol.

After that she remembers that the sitting-room door bursts in, and that amid the glare of enraged men's faces, burning rafters, a smother of smoke, 'Ras catches her high in his arms and carries her out in the meadow, and lays her down.

The strikers had fired the old house; already the leaping flames were playing about the mossy caves and crawling across the garret-roof, and licking the gambrel with sharp tongues of flame. Dorinda's eyes opened upon the terrible scene.

"Where is he?" screamed the girl.

"Where's who?" 'Ras asked, harshly.

"Young Mr. Morton?"

"I don't know."

"'Ras, 'Ras," cries Dorinda Graves, "he's up in the garret, hidin'; he locked and barred himself in—oh!" She buries her face in her hands and moans at the thought within her.

"Hidin'!" echoes 'Ras, with a scornful smile on his lips, and then he looks down at her, and leaves her.

It all took but a few seconds. The ladder, caught from the mayapple-tree and propped against the doomed and crackling house; the gallant dark figure fighting the flames and beating back the thickening smoke—the hush, the bated breaths, the falling in of the old roof—the awful yell of despair—and then the strong man with the weak one in his faltering arms—the shout of joy, and the struggle, painful and slow, to the ground, with his burden.

He would not give it up there.

With a mad, impatient gesture, 'Ras Partickler carried Ernest Morton out of the circle of smoke and fire across to the meadow where Dorinda sat, dazed, with her mother crooning and sobbing beside her.

He threw him down on the ground.

"There's your lover, Dorindy!" he cried, choking, and then rushed away.

The girl put her hand to her head, and all the stupefaction seemed to suddenly flee away from her. She said some incoherent words to her mother, pointing to the insensible form at her feet, and then she sped away.

Across the meadow, and close by the pond; and past the orchard, down to the water-path, where the swamp-willows swung low above the little lapping waves. Dorinda knew the way well—knew, too, whose haunt it was.

And she found him; lying face downward in the dew-wet grass, with the glare of the fire glimmering through the trees on his weary figure, on his blackened hands.

"'Ras!" murmured the girl. "'Ras—it's only me—'Ras!"

He turned over, and the heightening flames reddened all the pallor of his face into warmth. "Ain't you goin' to speak to me—never? no more?"

"What for?" he asks, sullenly and with a sigh.

"What for!" Dorinda kneels in the grass beside him and lays her soft cheek next to his.

'Ras springs up and grasps her in his arms.

"Look here!" he says, fiercely—"you ain't foolin', be you?—oh no! no—not now—not this time, say, Dorindy?" and the scalding tears drip from his eyes, to her hands, and all the agony of his soul goes out and wounds and heals her hurt.

"No."

"And he ain't nothin' to you, after all?"

"Nothin'—you don't s'pose I could care much 'bout a man that hid himself, do you?" The scorn of her voice reassures him. "A coward!" she says, slowly. "And after all, I didn't never set no store by him, 'Ras—'twas only—only—"

"Only what?" cries he, jealously.

"Only vanity."

"And what's this?" asks he, kissing her lips.

"This—oh, 'Ras, this here's love."

#### MR. O'BRIEN AT TORONTO AND ELSEWHERE.

THE arrival of Mr. William O'Brien, the champion of the Irish tenants, and the opening of his Canadian campaign, at Montreal, on the 11th inst., were recorded, pictorially and otherwise, in last week's issue of this paper. The importance of what Mr. O'Brien had to say, and his logical, earnest, courageous manner of saying it, won for him at the start a pronounced success,

which he followed up at Quebec at the end of the week.

The "invasion" of Ontario, however, was a more serious matter. Mr. O'Brien returned to Montreal and spent Sunday, the 15th, in that city, going to Mass, and afterwards visiting the monument erected, near the Victoria Bridge, to the 6,000 Irish immigrants—mostly tenants evicted from the Lansdowne estates in Ireland by the present lord's grandfather—who died of ship fever in 1848, and were buried in a common grave. On Monday, Mr. O'Brien, accompanied by Dennis Kilbride, the evicted farmer, started for Toronto. The outlook in that city was exceedingly ominous. Toronto is thoroughly English, and Tory English at that. The Orange element comes next in importance there, while the Irish and French population is quite insignificant in comparison. Moreover, the presence of the Governor-general himself in the city, coincident with Mr. O'Brien's expected visit, had galvanized the loyal English into spasms of hostile demonstration against the latter. A great anti-O'Brien meeting was held on Saturday; Goldwin Smith published a violent letter; all the newspapers contained either hostile expressions, threats, or warnings. Although Lord Lansdowne earnestly hoped that no attempt would be made to prevent Mr. O'Brien from speaking, the latter's enemies were evidently determined that at any rate he should not be heard.

When Mr. O'Brien arrived in Toronto by the Grand Trunk Railway, at eleven o'clock Tuesday forenoon, an excited mob surged about the train, with a storm of mingled cheers, groans, hisses and shouts. The Irishmen and their sympathizers, however, seemed to be strong enough to hold their own. As Mr. O'Brien alighted, he was greeted by William Mulligan, President of the Toronto Irish National League. The two were immediately surrounded by policemen, who pushed them through the crowd and into a carriage. Then all the police at the depot, to the number of 100, surrounded the carriage, and escorted it to the Rossin House, where an informal reception was held.

Early in the afternoon crowds of people began to gather at the Queen's Park; for not a hall in all the city was open for the speaker. The Queen's Park is a pleasant green meadow of about fifty acres, situated in the northern part of Toronto. Here fully 15,000 had gathered by four o'clock. The platform was hemmed in by a solid body of Irishmen. The arrival of Mr. O'Brien's carriage signaled the outbreak of a scene of indescribable uproar and confusion, which lasted until the meeting closed. The Irishmen cheered wildly, and flung their hats in the air. At the same instant, from the crowd on the right of the stage came a series of yells, groans, songs, shrieks, and catcalls, making such a fearful din that people on the platform had to shout to each other to make themselves heard. The policemen, most of whom were Orangemen, looked on smilingly. President Mulligan advanced to the front of the stage, and was literally howled down. Mr. O'Brien then faced the mob, and, after surveying it for a moment with calm indignation, began his speech. During its delivery some of the ruffians tried in vain to push the Irishmen from their places in front of the stage, and managed to get up five or six fights, but the people stampeded from these spots, and the expected riot did not break out. It is said that but one arrest was made during the whole day. The speaker, dignified and courageous, persevered until he had said all he had intended to; but probably not a word of it was heard beyond the platform on which he stood. In other words, this Canadian mob had brutally interfered with and suppressed the right of free speech in the open air. This was not a dignified reply to the serious charges which Mr. O'Brien brings against Lord Lansdowne, in telling the story of the tenants of Luggacurran; and it is plainly not the speaker who will suffer most from such disgraceful tactics.

The Toronto Branch of the Irish National League gave a banquet to Mr. O'Brien in the evening. While the banquet was in progress, a crowd of Orangemen paraded up and down King and York Streets, near the hotel, indulging in hostile demonstrations, and for a time a riot seemed inevitable, especially as at first the police fraternized with the disturbers. Finally, however, the situation became so serious that these "defenders of the peace" were obliged to charge upon the mob and put an end to the demonstration.

On the following evening there were further scenes of disorder. While out walking with a few friends, Mr. O'Brien was set upon and stoned by a mob, who shoved him and jostled against him, making several attempts to strike him on the head with their sticks. He dodged the blows, however, and his friends rallied around him, but they were as one to fifty. The faithful bodyguard was broken again and again, and Mr. O'Brien driven up against a wall. Here the little party of five stood at bay, Mr. O'Brien shouting at the top of his voice: "You cowardly dogs, don't you see we are not armed? Let us alone." Finally the party, pelted by missiles of every sort, managed to get away, Mr. O'Brien escaping through a store, which the mob in their fury immediately wrecked, the police meanwhile standing idle. During the *melee* several persons were injured more or less seriously. The newspaper Press of Toronto strongly condemn the outrage.

Leaving Toronto on Thursday morning, Mr. O'Brien reached Ottawa on the same day, and in the evening addressed an enthusiastic audience of 5,000 people—all that could be packed in the "Royal Roller Rink." The warm welcome accorded him at the capital of the Dominion contrasted most remarkably with the brutal scenes at Toronto; but at Kingston, whither he went on the following day, mob violence again asserted itself, and he narrowly escaped with his life, a gang of roughs attacking him with stones, and inflicting some serious bodily injuries.

It is announced that, after completing his tour in Canada, Mr. O'Brien will visit Boston, and will speak at the grave of Wendell Phillips on Decoration Day.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE "MULTICYCLES" IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

THE latest adaptation of the "Victoria" or "Four-in-Hand" quadricycle, is intended for the rapid transport of infantry troops from one point to another. When fully manned, it carries twelve men, who can take with them, if necessary, a light baggage-cart or ammunition-wagon. By thus mounting the riders in single file, instead of two or four abreast, the machine is rendered more manageable, and it also presents less surface to a strong headwind. The speed got out of this machine is surprising. Ten miles an hour is a low average rate, and sixteen have been easily

accomplished. It is less affected than any other velocipede by rough roads, and passes easily over a newly metalled track. All the tires are wired on the Otto principle, so that they cannot be greatly damaged by cuts from sharp stones. The whole control and steering of the machine is in the hands of one man, who finds no difficulty in managing it even in crowded streets. The crew in charge of this multicycle are all trained volunteers, who will be able to execute intelligently any military evolutions which may be demanded of them. The machine is now being severely tested at Aldershot by authority of the British War Office.

##### THE MARITIME EXPOSITION AT HAVRE.

Havre, "the harbor" of Paris and of Northern France, where travelers from the West by the great "Transatlantique" steamer line obtain their first impressions of that pleasant land, is a picturesque, well-built and interesting city. It offers at present a special inducement to "stop over," the much-talked-of Maritime Exposition having opened there on the 7th inst., to continue during the Summer. A similar exposition was held at Havre in 1868, and met with encouraging success. The present one occupies the spacious Bassin du Commerce, in the heart of the city. The basin affords plenty of sea-room for the innumerable vessels and other craft, ancient and modern; while surrounding it are the buildings erected for the display of models, plans, charts, and marine *bric-a-brac* of all kinds. Restaurants, gardens and amusements are not wanting. The entrance to the main building, facing the Place Gambetta, is shown in our picture. It is in the Arabic style of architecture, surmounted by a cupola which serves as the base of a semaphore, and which is flanked on either side by a miniature lighthouse.

##### MONUMENT TO VICTOR EMMANUEL.

An imposing monument to Victor Emmanuel, with a striking equestrian statue, was dedicated at Venice with much pomp on May 1st. The statue is of bronze, and was modeled by the sculptor Ferrari. It occupies a conspicuous site on the Riva degli Schiavoni, and adds another ornament to Venice, now *en fete* with the National Art Exposition.

##### STANLEY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

One of the remarkable features of this year's sculpture, as sent in to compete for place in the current Royal Academy Exhibition in London, was the extraordinary number of counterfeit presentments of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the explorer. About a dozen portrait-busts or more were all carefully placed on one side; and if to these be added the paintings of the same victim of popularity, the total number scarcely falls short of a score.

##### BRITISH ROYALTY AT MANCHESTER.

The Royal Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester, England, was opened by the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess, on the 31st inst. There was a military and civil procession through the streets to the Exhibition buildings, at old Trafford. The ceremony of opening the Exhibition took place in the Music-room, in the nave of the building, where Madame Albani as chief singer, and a choir of vocalists, performed the National Anthem.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

At the American Exhibition in London there is exhibited a fire-proof and water-proof villa composed entirely of straw. Every part of it, from the foundations to the chimneys, is of straw compressed to form artificial wood.

It is a common practice in France to coat the beams, the joists and the under side of the flooring of buildings with a thick coating of lime-wash as a safeguard against fire. It is a preventive of prime ignition, although it will not check a fire when once under headway.

M. FREMY has read a paper at the French Academy of Sciences describing the successful researches made by him, with M. Verneut's assistance, for obtaining artificial rubies. By letting alumina dissolve in fluoride of calcium he obtained crystals of alumina—that is to say, perfect rubies, defying the closest scrutiny, and even higher in value than the natural stones. They can be made of large size.

M. LEON ESQUILLE has perfected a marvelous invention in electricity and photography. By speaking into a photophone transmitter, which consists of a highly polished diaphragm, reflecting a ray of light, this ray of light is set into vibration, and a photograph is made of it on a traveling band of sensitized paper. Now comes the wonderful part. If the image of this photographic tracing be projected by means of an electric arc or oxyhydrogen light upon a selenium receiver, the original speech is then heard. It is evident that there is no limit to the development of this peculiar combination of methods.

"CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL" thus describes a new method of burning gas, which has lately been introduced in London. It is an incandescent burner, invented by Dr. Auer von Welsbach. It consists of a so-called "mantle" of muslin, which has been impregnated with certain incombustible oxides produced from the rare metals zirconium and lanthanum. This cap or mantle is supported by a platinum wire in the flame of a Bunsen burner, with the result that the delicate, incombustible network is brought to a white heat. The flame gives out an intensely white light, which is perfectly steady and of high value, for a light of twenty candles is obtained from burning only two and a half feet of gas per hour.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MAY 14TH.—In Washington, D. C., Justice W. B. Woods, aged 63 years; in Boston, Mass., Lyander Spooner, the "father of cheap postage" in this country, aged 80 years. MAY 16TH.—In New York, John Johnston, the well-known drygoods merchant, aged 53 years. MAY 17TH.—In Wichita, Kan., Timothy Coop, English traveler and philanthropist, aged 80 years. MAY 18TH.—In Warren, Va., ex-Governor William Smith, aged 90 years; in Paris, France, Dr. E. F. A. Vulpian, Dean of the Faculty of the Academy of Medicine. MAY 19TH.—In New York, William H. Macy, President of the Seaman's Savings Bank, aged 82 years; in Beverly, Mass., Richard P. Waters, ex-President of the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, aged 80 years. MAY 20TH.—In Montreal, Canada, C. F. Smithers, President of the Bank of Montreal; in Annapolis, Md., Prof. or Eugene A. Duvillier, of the Naval Academy, aged 61 years; in Richmondville, N. Y., Judge Westover; in Waterbury, Conn., Sister St. Gabriel, aged 57 years; in Troy, N. Y., William E. Kieselburg, managing editor of the *Troy Times*.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. GLADSTONE denies that he has any intention of visiting America.

ZOLA is still much abused, but his income is 300,000 francs a year.

MRS. GRANT has so far received \$394,459 as profits on the sale of "Grant's Memoirs."

THE President has appointed Jared Lawrence Rathbone, of California, to be Consul-general at Paris.

QUEEN KAPIOLANI spent last week in New York, visiting points of interest, receiving everywhere the attentions befitting her rank.

LITTLE MISS GREELY has made her appearance in the family of the Arctic explorer. The other day the baby received a \$500 check from an unknown friend.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, editor of *United Ireland*, who is now in Canada, has been elected without opposition to a seat in the House of Commons for the northeast division of Cork.

RUSKIN'S eccentricities, according to a recent letter from London, have culminated in unmistakable insanity. Recently he kindled his fire with a valuable book from his library.

THE Trustees of the Ohio State University have made a proposition to ex-President Hayes to take the presidency of the university, and a strong effort is being made to get him to accept.

THE ultimatum of the Virginia Legislature on the debt question has been rejected by Sir Edward Thornton, the representative of the English creditors, and negotiations are now at an end.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN says very few Englishmen visit Stratford to do homage to the *manes* of Shakespeare, while, on the other hand, Americans present in England never fail to make the pilgrimage.

AND now the gossips say that Mr. Blaine, while in England, will make speeches in behalf of Home Rule, that he will visit Ireland for the same purpose, and so on. Of course all this is the merest guesswork.

MISS MARY HARDEN, of Georgia, whom John Howard Payne loved more than half a century ago, died at Athens, Ga., last week. The original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," it is said, was buried in the grave with her.

THE will of the late Washington C. De Pauw, of New Albany, Ind., bequeaths \$3,000,000 to his family, and the residue of his estate, estimated at \$5,000,000, is devoted to benevolent and educational purposes, including a bequest of \$1,025,000 to De Pauw University.

THE Florida Legislature has elected Hon. Samuel Pasco as United States Senator from that State. He is a native of England, about forty-eight years of age, and has been a citizen of Florida since his early manhood. He has been twice prominently mentioned in connection with the Governorship of the State.

REV. T. D. WITHERSPOONS, of Louisville, Ky., has been elected to the Chair of Natural Science in Columbia University, the chief theological school of the Southern Presbyterian Church. The chair is that formerly filled by James Woodrow, whose teachings on evolution caused a great controversy in the church.

GENERAL BOULANGER is described by a recent interviewer as "a short man, rather stoutly built, with brown hair, brown beard, rather a red face; above all things quiet-looking almost to comicalness. He wore the ordinary French civilian's dress of black frock-coat and trousers, with only the single red spot in his buttonhole."

COTTON MATHER SMITH, an essayist of the *Epoch*, deserves the thanks of every patriotic American for his valiant defense of pie. "Emerson," he points out, "ate pie for breakfast all his life, and Carlyle never ate any. Yet, which was the dyspeptic? Go to, ye imitators of English clothes and French dishes! Ye cannot abolish pie!"

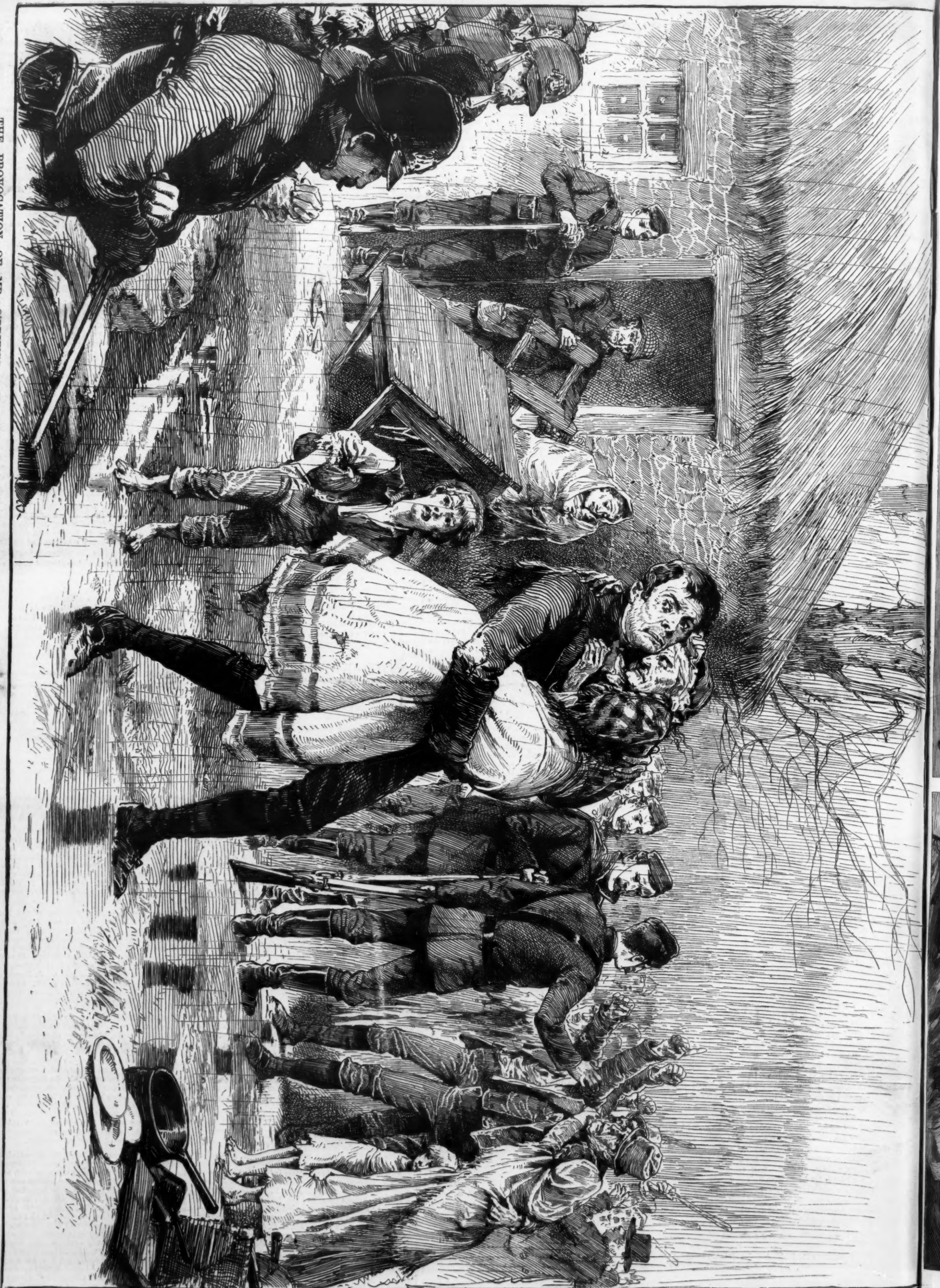
MARSHALL P. WILDER, the well-known American humorist, who is now in London, cannot complain of the character of his reception. He has been given a dinner by the Savage Club, entertained by the Earl of Crawford and dined by Mrs. Mackay. On his arrival he became the guest of Henry Irving for an evening. Altogether, he seems destined to have a season of social and professional success in England.

At the recent annual meeting of the National Academy of Design, the following officers were elected: President—D. Huntington; Vice-president—T. W. Wood; Corresponding Secretary—T. Addison Richards; Recording Secretary—H. W. Robbins; Treasurer—Alfred Jones; Council—R. Swain Gifford, F. S. Church, J. G. Brown, F. Dielman, Thomas Moran, S. J. Gny. J. Francis Murphy was elected an Academician, and Alfred Kappes, F. W. Freer, Walter Palmer, Thomas W. Dewing and Walter Shirlaw were made Associates.

THE authorities of the town of Fultonville, N. Y., have voted to name that place Starinville, in honor of John H. Starin, the owner of several steamship lines, who is now enrolled as a citizen of New York. Years ago Mr. Starin left Fultonville with only the price of a week's board in his pocket. In addition to his lines of steamships, he now owns a palatial residence in the metropolis and a Summer mansion of splendid appointment and surrounding in the far-famed Mohawk Valley. He is also the owner of the best 1,000 acres of land in Fulton, and has given to the same town a magnificent plot of ground for a union free school, has established a bank, started a silk factory, and become interested in a score of other enterprises.

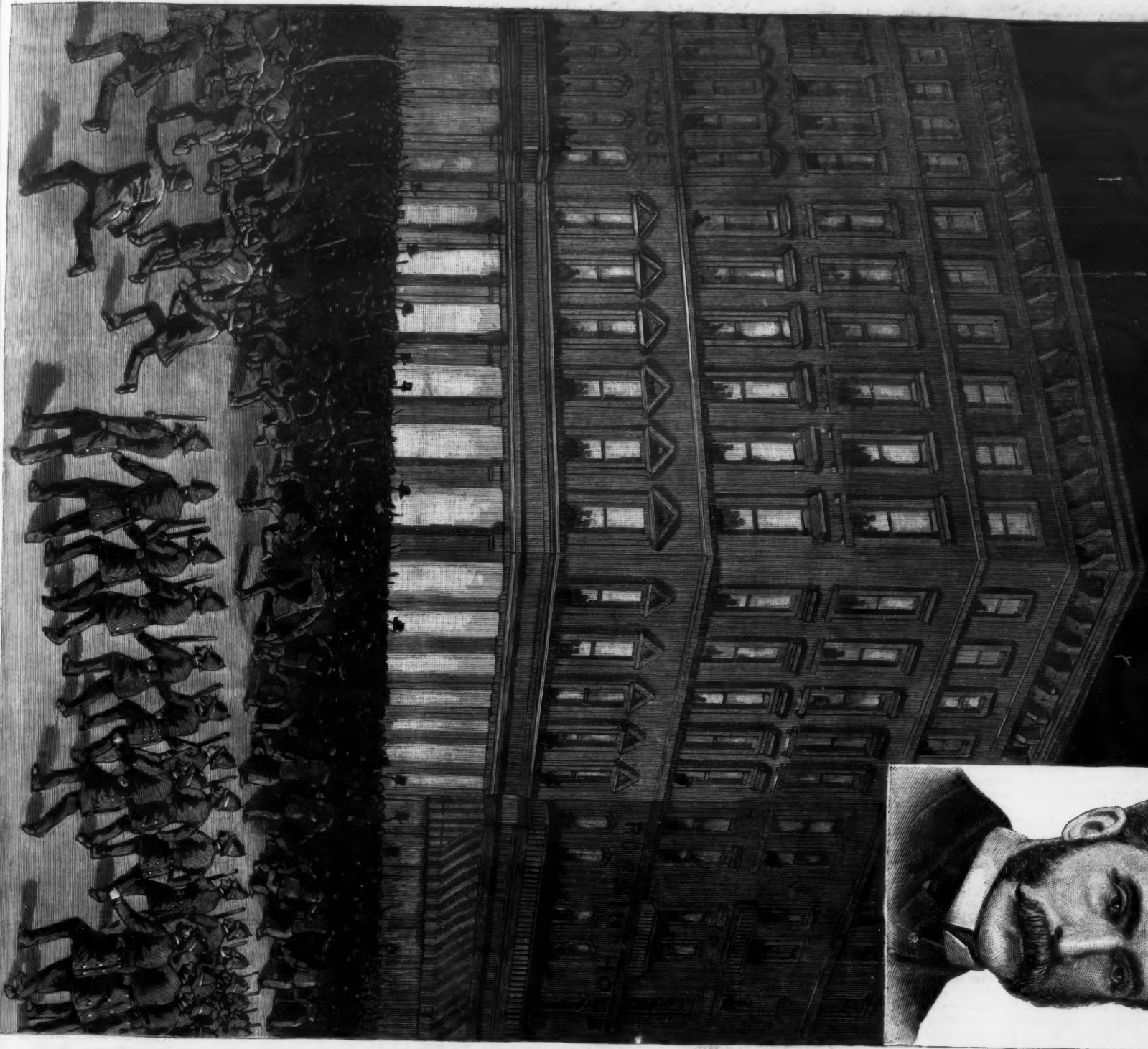
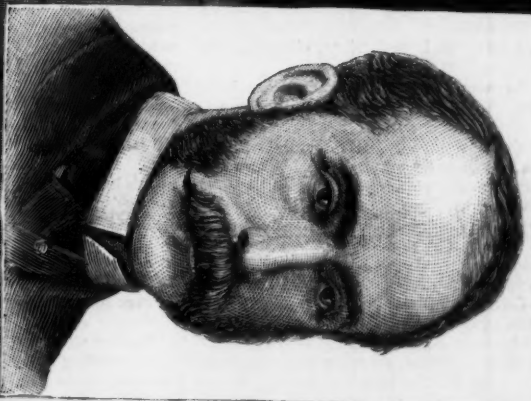
JAY GOULD was subjected to a searching examination, last week, by the Pacific Railroad Commission. He replied to all questions with apparent candor, but at the same time he did not tell anything he wished to conceal. Being asked as to the probable outcome of the Government's claims against the Pacific roads, he said: "It is difficult to predict the future of the Union Pacific, but I think the Government will have to make large concessions of both principal and interest to the road when the bonds become due, because the road can never pay them. The Government has been sufficiently compensated for its loan to the Union Pacific by the benefits it has already received from the sale of lands, etc. In my opinion the Government should settle with the road on a fair basis, say by taking a bond for the principal sum (\$27,000,000), and cancel the claim for back interest. I would undertake to negotiate such a bond and secure its immediate cash payment. I say this as a man who has not a dollar's interest in the road."





THE PROVOCATION OF MR. O'BRIEN'S CANADIAN CRUSADE.—AN EVICTION ON THE LANSOWNE ESTATES AT LUGGACURBAN, IN QUEEN'S COUNTY, IRELAND.  
(FROM A SKETCH BY DANIEL FISHER.)  
WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S ARRAIGNMENT OF LORD LANSOWNE, AND CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE IRISH TENANTRY.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 242.







## A WEB OF FATE:

A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

BY LIEUTENANT RODNEY.

## CHAPTER XI.—A BOLD CRIME.

THE sun of the last day of April poured into the Signal Office on Cape —. Since Hertha and Sen Axel departed, and Hilda's affairs fell into smooth, commonplace currents, life with Kenneth so stagnated, that he fell asleep in the daytime! He was now lying on the office lounge, consoling himself for the monotony of counting and reporting vessels in the offing and to taking down notes of the weather, by the further monotony of taking naps. However, sleep would not visit him.

"I say, Chelmy!" said Kenneth.

"Hillo, my boy!" replied Chelmy, who swung in a hammock on the veranda, spyglass in hand.

"It is just about a year since Mr. Calvert died."

"So it is," said Chelmy.

"And he set two years as the time when he thought Hilda should come out from my mother's care and be my wife."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Chelmy.

"Why, I'm getting rather fond of little Hilda. There's more of her than I thought there was. I think this year I'll get a furlough, and go home and see if we two can live a week at a time without quarreling, and whether Miss Hilda can make her mind up to fall in love with me. I fancy, from her letters, she don't hate me quite as bad as she did."

"She never hated you. She thought her eyes of you. I saw that, out in Arizona. She would be looking and listening for you when you were gone, and was only happy when you were back. She was nearly wild the night you were shot."

At this same hour, Hilda, Hertha and Mrs. Moray were taking a drive among the hills of Northern New Jersey, called by courtesy, and by contrast with the seaside flats, mountains. Mrs. Moray had come to spend a few weeks at a town in this vicinity, making art studies, and had brought the girls. They had a barouche and two horses and colored driver from a livery, had driven slowly on the return stretch, and had lingered on the summits, watching the sunset. They were now in the valley, in a road running through woodlands.

"Hillo! Wait! Hold up!" shouted a voice from a crossroad, and a man came running through the trees.

"What's up?" said the driver, checking his horses.

"Your harness is broken—there's a break in front here," said the man, seizing the horses' heads. "Come down and fix it—I'll help you."

"Lor! they'll stand—they'd stand all day," said the driver, slowly getting down from his box and approaching the stranger.

Something whirled up in the air, hit him full force, and he tumbled, without a sound, under his horses' feet. At the same moment three men clambered into the carriage, and each seized a lady. A handkerchief was dexterously twisted over each month, a band or scarf was bound about each one, holding the arms down at the elbow; then Hilda was lifted from the barouche, taken into the crossroad, all four men disappearing with her, and Mrs. Moray and Hertha heard a carriage driven furiously away. The two were opposite each other, and in the fading light their horrified eyes expressed terrors they could not speak. Then a cold whiteness rose over Mrs. Moray's brow, and she sank senseless in the corner of her seat.

Old Sen Axel had been no injudicious guardian for his beautiful daughter. The girl was a splendid specimen of wise physical training; every muscle was in full and perfect development, and under perfect control. While many girls can use only part of their muscles, Hertha could use all hers; her chest and waist muscles were as thoroughly subject to her volition as are the fingers of a good pianist. If the men who bound her arms supposed they were dealing with a closely corseted beauty, they were simply mistaken. The first terror of her situation over, Hertha came to her own rescue. She stood up in the carriage; many women could not have done that with their arms tied down. Then Hertha drew in her breath, slowly and deeply, and reduced the size of her waist in such an extraordinary manner, that by elevating at the same time her left shoulder she moved her left arm upward in its bondage. She tried this manœuvre several times, until finally her elbow was at the top edge of the strap. Then she gave a prodigious inspiration, and shrunk her waist until she set her arm free, and in two minutes she had the kerchief from her mouth, and had untied Mrs. Moray and placed her properly. Next, she got out of the barouche, and dragged the driver out from under the horses. She could not quite tell whether he were dead, dying or stunned; she laid him on the roadside with a cushion under his head, got back into the barouche, took the reins, treated the horses to a cruel cut, and sent them flying along the road as fast as possible. There was not a house for a mile. Then she reached a farm, where two or three men, leaning on the gate, in the twilight, were surprised to see a barouche come up in this style.

"We have been waylaid!" cried Hilda. "Our driver is lying dead in the woods. Will you carry this lady in, and while some of you go for the driver, will one go quickly into town for a doctor, and send two telegrams for me?"

The singular promptitude of Hertha swept all before it. The farmer picked Mrs. Moray up in his brawny arms and carried her to his wife. The farmer's two sons found their pistols, jumped into the buggy one had harnessed for a courting expedition, and drove off towards the woods; Hertha walked into the kitchen and prepared two dispatches, which she confided to the hired man, who went in the carriage to the nearest town.

"Rouse the town," said Hertha. "A young lady has been seized and carried off by four men who hid at the crossroads where the signboard is. They took her away in a carriage." The telegrams were to Kenneth and Moray senior, thus:

"To-night, while we were out driving, near —, Hilda was carried off by four men."

Before midnight the country in the vicinity of the roads where this extraordinary outrage had been committed was scoured, and no trace could be discovered of the perpetrators of the crime. From every point the citizens and country constables returned baffled. Mr. Moray made haste to bring several eminent detectives from the city, but within a week it was very clear that Northern New Jersey did not contain Hilda nor her captors, and the Moray family returned to Philadelphia. Mr. Moray once more putting his case into the hands of Mr. Lansing. During the Winter, Lansing had been often at the Moray house; at first he came ostensibly to gather from Hilda, "for future use," all the descriptions and suggestions she could give about Takeswood, his mother, his habits, and his *confidantes*; later, Lansing evidently came to sun himself in the splendors of that "goddess" with whom he had once seen Hilda taking breakfast.

The day after the return to the city, Mr. Lansing called to say that he had concluded to establish himself for a while in New York, and conduct his search from there. Having bidden good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Moray, Lansing stepped into a little sitting-room where Hertha was tending poor Hilda's flowers.

"Miss Hertha," he said, "I see plainly that you will know no happiness until your friend is found. If anything could inspire me to greater diligence in my search, it would be the thought that its successful end would bring back your smiles."

Hertha was too lost in misery for Hilda to see where this disquisition tended.

"Miss Hertha," said Lansing, drawing nearer, "to make you happy would constitute the happiness of my life. I love you. You are now too sad for thoughts of love, but I shall continue my search until I find your friend, and when I bring her to you I shall ask love as my reward."

He went out quickly, leaving Hertha surprised and distressed. It was to her occasion, not only for triumph, but for sorrow, that a worthy man should bestow on her affection that was entirely unreturned. She went to Mrs. Moray.

"When you see him or write to him, will you not make him understand that it cannot be? I am not going to say I shall never love and never marry. I believe I shall do both, but my ideal is a very different man."

"There is this comfort, that Lansing is always too busy to be heartbroken," said Mrs. Moray. "As for Hilda, we have committed a great mistake. I believe it is her unmarried estate that makes her seem a likely prey to these fiends, who are trading on her future. We should have had her married to Kenneth as soon as she was found last Winter; their childish quarrels would not have amounted to anything, and love can grow up as well after marriage as before it.—There is Horace Anvers coming up the steps."

Horace asked for Hertha.

During all the Winter and Spring, Horace had been a visitor in high favor at the Morays'. His conduct when Hilda was first missing had revealed the true excellences of his character; his uncle had taken him into his business, and Horace was making a man of himself. Hilda and Hertha had equally played to him the rôle of friend, *confidante* and monitrice.

"Miss Hertha," said Horace, taking the latter's hand, "I have been distressed ever since Miss Calvert's abduction. I have made arrangements with my uncle, and I am going to devote myself entirely to the search for Miss Calvert. And, oh, Miss Hertha, one thing will send me out with hope and courage to that search. I love you, I adore you, you are my angel, the dream of my life. May I think that when I come back to you, and tell you Hilda is found, that you will love me?"

"Why, Horace, my dear boy, whatever are you talking about?" said Hertha, fixing her great velvety black eyes on Horace's full blue orbs. She was taller than Horace, larger in every way, for though Hertha was not a large woman, Horace was a very small man. "Don't think such nonsense, Horace."

"I'm in deadly earnest," protested Horace, crestfallen.

"It's ever so kind of you, I'm sure," said Hertha, "but I shall not be in a marrying mood for ages."

"I'd wait a hundred years for you," persisted Horace.

"Consider what a wretched pair of relics we should be by that time, fit only to be kept in a case in a museum of the twentieth century, labeled 'Faithful Lovers.'"

"I'd be willing to be a museum specimen, or a mummy, or anything, for your sake," said the little swain.

"Now, see here, Horace, you and I are going to talk sense; you go and hunt Hilda up, and on your way you'll find some girl exactly fit for you, and I'll be no end glad for your sake."

"No," said the plucky Anvers; "I'll find Hilda, and come back and make you marry me. I'll insist till you consent." He kissed Hertha's hand, and away he went; and so had Hertha sent forth two knights-errant to search for Hilda all across the world.

That evening Hertha stood looking vaguely from the window and reviewing the events of the day. All the family were in that nervous state when every footfall, every ring at the bell, every passing messenger-boy, every postman's rap, made them start, expecting news from their lost girl.

"I wrote my father all about this, and have set him on the watch," said Hertha, turning to Mrs. Moray.

"I feel terribly afraid that we shall never see the dear child again."

"Yes, we shall," said Hertha. "I know we shall have her by the time the two years planned by her father before she should live as Kenneth's wife are passed. Don't despair, she will be your daughter-in-law yet. And now"—and the beautiful Scandinavian turned with something of the prophetic fire of the oldtime mothers of her race—"I feel sure she will be found, and some man will find her; and here I promise you that man I will marry, whoever he is!"

"Hertha—Hertha! Take care!" cried Mrs. Moray.

"I have said," replied Hertha, calmly.

Kenneth, when he received the telegram concerning the abduction of Hilda, was at first nearly out of his senses. Then he telegraphed Lansing:

"Shall I get discharged from the service and help in this search? How can I serve it best?"

Lansing replied:

"You can help us best in the service. Try and get sent to New York."

Kenneth therefore applied to be removed to the New York office. He found an observer at New York who was willing to take his place at Cape —, and so the exchange was made. But such matters move slowly, and it was the 1st of June when he reached the office at the New World's Babel. He sent Fury home to his father's country house. Luisa was brought by Kenneth to his mother's. He reached home with Luisa—also Fury—just a year from the time when he had appeared there with the lovely orphan Hilda. He found Hertha restless and unhappy; to her distress about Hilda was added anxiety for her father.

"He is too old a man to be left out there without a home, and the care he has been used to, Luisa and I must go to him; he has not been well. Your mother thinks it a fearful place for me; but other women, and young women, go, and survive it. I shall have my father and Luisa, and then I can always take care of myself. I should have been the girl to be stolen—not dear little Hilda."

The second day after Kenneth departed for New York, Hertha came to the dinner-table very pale, but with a certain fire in her eyes.

"Mr. and Mrs. Moray," she said, "I am going to my father. This is Wednesday; I must start on Friday—Luisa and I."

"Oh, my dear girl," remonstrated Mrs. Moray, "why so suddenly? Have you had bad news?"

"No bad news," said Hertha, quietly; "but father needs me. I must go."

During dinner she asked if they knew where Mr. Lansing was.

"He is in Pittsburg," said Mr. Moray, "at the United States Hotel."

After dinner, Hertha left Luisa packing, and went out to do some errands. Her chief errand was to the telegraph office. She sent a dispatch to Mr. Lansing:

"Meet me on the train at Pittsburg, Friday noon."

When the house was quiet that night, Hertha was poring over a part of her father's letter. It ran thus:

"I have my fancies that the old Takeswood woman is out here at the camp. A woman came last week, and my suspicions were roused by her not being very well used to her own name—Mrs. Kane. She seems familiar with Philadelphia. I asked her suddenly, one day, 'Is your name Pratt?' She tossed up her head. 'No, Ta—Kane.' Quarreling with a woman yesterday, I heard her say, 'I'll pay you for that, as sure as my name's Tak—Kane.'"

"I'll go there and ferret her out," said Hertha. "I can do it better than any detective. I shall be slow and sure. My plan will be to find out if Hilda is anywhere there—then to get the old woman's confidence, and discover where her son is. Hilda said she thought the old woman liked opium and brandy. I shall take some of those delicacies in my trunk, and deal them out judiciously."

It was with these plans in her head that Hertha, guarded by that amiable and excellent dragon Luisa, set forth for the "silver-rich land." At Pittsburg she met Lansing. Hertha held him strictly to business; she showed him the letter, told him her plans, and promised to communicate by letter or telegraph all of importance that should happen. Parting with Lansing, Hertha left behind the last face that she knew. She tarried over Sabbath on the way, then sped by train and stage, until, in a blinding whirl of dust, the big, lumbering gherky drew up by the great mining camp at the mouth of Antelope Valley; and old Sen Axel thought the sun of his life had begun to shine again when he saw the golden head and bright smiles of his daughter.

Such an unusual vision as Hertha had not failed to attract attention during all the journey, especially the western portion thereof. But Luisa, who had knitted dilligently in both cars and stage, had made it very evident that knitting only occupied her fingers, for her eyes and her brain were on Hertha, and he who looked too boldly at that young lady, or presumed to utter to her too many words, was gorged on the spot by Luisa's singular blue-gray eyes, soft as the twilight to Hertha, but Damascus blades to all assuming young men.

Evening, and Hertha, dressed and refreshed after her journey, took her father's arm, and went out curiously to scan the wonders of the newly sprung-up village, the mining camp of Lower Antelope Valley. In a few months stores, hotel, post-office, boarding-houses, and, unluckily, plenty of saloons and gambling places, had grown swift as fungi, to meet, or to forestall, the wants of the mining camp, and absorb very much of the gains yielded by the mineral-rich soil. Sen Axel pressed his daughter's hand, whispering, "There!"

Hertha turned her lovely head and saw, leaning on a window-sill, close by her shoulder, uncanny Age, wrinkled, red-eyed, gray, unremembered—an old woman, a silk kerchief tied over her head, a white

kerchief knotted about her scrawny throat, her hands like claws. She looked at Hertha, and glared in half defiance.

"I must get the mail," said Sen Axel, pointing to a crowded shanty.

"Let me wait here," and as she drew her hand from her father's arm, Hertha stepped near the window. "I may stay by you?"

"Eh? You're a city gel, and afeared?"

"No—I'm not a city girl, and I was never afraid in my life."

"So? If you bean't a city gel, what are you?"

"I'm a Swede."

"A Swede!" a flush as of awakened distant and gracious memories crept into the hag's face. "Well, Sweden has a many handsome gels. I was—young once myself."

Hertha felt sure the thought of the woman was, "I was born in Sweden myself," but something restrained her from speaking it.

"My father was once captain of a ship that sailed from Karlskrona," said Hertha; "his ship was lost on the Carolina coast, and my mother was drowned. I was only a year old. He brought me ashore with him; we were both half dead. He has lived in America ever since, and it is like a native country to me."

Hertha was exerting herself to charm this old woman, and by her eyes or her voice she succeeded. "Oh!" cried the old woman, looking beyond Hertha.

Hertha turned to see what attracted her interest. A tall, spare, gray woman, wearing a mob-cap, a short, scant gown of dark blue, a fine muslin kerchief about her neck, and a chain of gold beads above the kerchief—a thick gold ring on her finger, in her hands a long blue stocking, upon which she plied her needles, her yarn being in a pocket at her side. Eyes fixed on Hertha, on she came.

"That is Luisa!" said Hertha.

The woman drew a deep breath.

"She looks like a Swede, sure enough!"

"Child," said Luisa, "your father is forgetting himself, to leave you here alone in these queer, rough streets—I saw it from the window."

What ever concerned Hertha that Luisa did not see?

Sen Axel came from the post-office, letters in hand. The old crone had withdrawn her head from the window. She was an old crone who supposed herself quite safe while listening to the simple chatter of youth and beauty, and very much in danger if she allowed herself to converse with such shrewd, experienced people as Sen Axel and Luisa. Thus in life we constantly deceive ourselves in the estimates we put on things. Hertha, the guileless, had talked with a purpose, and she felt quite sure that here was the old woman she sought; for Hilda had told her that Mrs. Takeswood was from Sweden, though married to an Englishman.

Back along the crowded streets of the mining camp went Hertha, with Sen and Luisa walking on either hand—a Una guarded not by one lion, but by two. Many eyes followed her as she went, but she was all absorbed in the question, Was Hilda near her here in Antelope?

(To be continued.)

## LORD LANSDOWNE AND HIS TENANTS.

WHILE Editor O'Brien proceeds single-handed in his Canadian crusade to arraign Lord Lansdowne before the bar of public opinion, interest is naturally turned towards the vast Irish possessions of that distinguished absentee landlord, and particularly to the five hundred of his poor tenants now under the direful shadow of threatened eviction. What the latter catastrophe means to the poverty-stricken, helpless people, Mr. Matt Morgan's powerful picture on page 241 vividly shows.

Lord Lansdowne owns nearly all of the County Kerry, or something like 95,000 acres, with tenants to about the same number. The sufferings of these people during the famine of 1847 form a part of Ireland's sorrowful history; and in the famine of 1879-80 Kerry was among the most distressed of all the counties. Lord Lansdowne also owns large estates in Meath, and at Luggacurran, in Queen's County. It is his tenants at the latter place whose cause O'Brien pleads. In his purpose to turn them out, Lord Lansdowne possesses a worthy instrument in the person of his agent, one Trench. Of this unjust steward, who seems to be in no danger of losing his position, some account is given by the well-known Sister Mary Frances Clare, the "Nun of Kenmare," who has spent nearly twenty years of her life in working for the relief of Lord Lansdowne's impoverished Kerry tenants. "In 1879," she says, "came the great famine. People absolutely starved to death. . . . There passed through my hands for distribution to the suffering and starving over \$75,000 that came from America alone. During all this time Trench, Lord Lansdowne's agent, was pressing the people for their rent. Trench boldly declared in the street at Kenmare one day that he had made £10,000 for Lord Lansdowne that day. 'How so?' was asked, for the assertion seemed foolish in those starving times. 'By raising the rents all around,' he replied."

Following up the record, the Boston *Pilot* continues: "He made a little more money during the same famine year by charging the tenants 2s. 6d. per barrel for burning the lime which they needed to make the heavy soil workable. Previously each little farm had its own limekiln, where every man burned what lime he needed without additional expense; but Mr. Trench changed all that by erecting a common kiln, which all were compelled to make use of. Finally, Lord Lansdowne received as his share of the money which Parliament appropriated from the Church Funds for the relief of the tenantry about \$30,000 at three per cent. interest. But he got five per cent. out of his tenants for the use of it."

When the evictions on Lord Lansdowne's Queen's County property began with that of Mr. Kilbride, last March, the evicting party were provided with scaling-ladders, etc., as if for an assault upon a besieged fortress, while a large body of police was at hand to protect them from the angry mob. Having forced their way into the house, they found one upper room, where the tenant and his friends were assembled, so strongly



barricaded, that it was necessary to make an entry through the roof. The furniture in the house was seized, and constables left in occupation. A few days later, several laborers and sub-tenants on Kilbride's holdings were evicted, amid the howls and jeers of the people. In his speeches at Montreal and elsewhere, Mr. O'Brien has quoted from the reports in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* of evictions on Lord Lansdowne's estates. He describes the incidents attending some of the evictions, in which the aged and infirm were thrown out of their cabins, helpless, in snow and rain. He says: "The Luggacurran tenants were honest, peaceful and inoffensive so far as crime is concerned. The locality is simply stainless. During those barbarous evictions not a blow was struck, not a stone was flung; and what have these people ever done that they should deserve to be robbed of home and land? They have simply sought for abatement in their rents. Abatements less than Earl Cowper's Royal Commission, a landlord commission appointed by a Tory Government and declared to be equitable; less than the land commission courts are granting on the neighboring estates; and finally reductions to which Lord Lansdowne's own arbitrator, Mr. Denning, gave his assent and approval in black and white."

## MEXICAN NOTES.

CITY OF MEXICO, May 1st, 1887.

THE territory of the Mexican Republic extends from 15° to 32° north latitude, and from 86° to 117° west longitude. The main part of the national area is a vast tableland, traversed by mountain chains of great length, and rising to the extraordinary height of from 10,000 to 17,000 feet above the level of the sea, falling abruptly towards the coast on either hand, and descending gradually to the plains of Texas and Arizona on the north. The Mexican river system, owing to the rugged surface, is neither varied nor extensive. Most of the streams are short and without navigable depth; the number of lakes is not over ten, the largest in Mexico having an area of 1,300 square miles.

## CLIMATE AND SEASONS.

A large part of the Republic enjoys the climate of the temperate zone. The low regions are termed the *Tierra Caliente*, or hot country. At an altitude of 3,000 feet above the sea-level we enter the *Tierra Templada*, the temperate country. Extremes here are unknown. This climate extends and is continued from 3,000 feet to 7,000 or 8,000—the verge of the tableland—while above that is the *Tierra Fria*, or cold region; and the mean annual temperature of the cold region is about 60°, the extremes reaching from 75° to the freezing point. The year is divided into two periods—*El Estio*, dry season, and *La Estacion de las Aguas*, or the rainy season. The rainy season comprises the months of June, July, August and September.

## VEGETATION.

Through the acquisitions from the Old World, the richest flora and finest varieties of fruits and vegetables abound in Mexico, such as apples, pears, cherries, peaches, oranges, figs, grapes, pomegranates, East Indian mangoes, papaws, the passion-flower, cactus fruits, etc. One will find in an Indian village of the temperate zone a truly delightful landscape picture, surrounded by heavily laden orange-trees, banana-stalks, and fruits of every imaginable hue, and by blossoming shrubs and flowers. Mexico has the markets of all the world constantly open. Plants of all the different zones, from frigid to torrid, are encountered in the ascent from coast to tableland, and indicate to a nicety the different degrees of altitude and temperature.

## HORSE AND CATTLE RAISING.

This seems to be an hereditary pursuit of both the Spaniard and the Mexican. The cattle are left entirely to nature, and seek their own pasturage. All the Mexican cowherds are mounted upon fleet horses, and are the boldest horsemen in the world.

Many estates in Mexico possess from ten thousand to thirty thousand head of cattle. The great profit is in the sale of oxen and old cows to the butchers. In the shrubless plains of Zacatecas, San Luis Potosi, Durango and Chihuahua, from June till October, these plains are covered with tall grass. But in December all begins to fade. The pools dry up. Yet in these deserts the horses and mules are generally bred, the larger haciendas often having from 10,000 to 15,000 horses and mules.

## IRRIGATION.

The native Mexicans once possessed extensive irrigating works, but they were destroyed by the Spaniards. The success met with in California, New Mexico, and other portions of the lost territory of Mexico, should incite the present Government to rebuilding the aqueducts and canals, thus creating a thorough system of cultivation by irrigation.

## COFFEE.

All the coast States of Southern Mexico, both on the Gulf and Pacific, have excellent soil for the cultivation of the coffee-plant. Coffee should certainly form the most remunerative of Mexico's agricultural products, as there is a vast area especially adapted to its culture which lies adjacent to ports connected by short steam lines with the United States and by railroad southward.

## COTTON.

Every year increases the importance of the cotton production of Mexico, especially in view of the fact that vast tracts of land hitherto inaccessible, and rendered unsafe through the presence of hostile Indians, are being opened up to immigration by the railroad. At present it is cultivated in only twelve States, and the amount produced is not sufficient for home consumption, large quantities being imported from the United States. One district, containing about 1,200,000 acres, lying partly in Coahuila and Durango, produces a perennial cotton-plant, which does not require to be planted oftener than once in ten years.

## SUGAR.

The *Tierras Calientes* are especially adapted for the cultivation of sugar-cane. The plantations and the amount of improved machinery are increasing rapidly; the methods of culture and crystallization are the same as those followed in Cuba and Porto Rico. The plantations are of great area, some producing from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 pounds of sugar annually. Protective duties now tend to keep out American products, hence everything from the United States is at fabulous prices; yet there is no better field for American exports, if properly managed.

## TOBACCO.

Mexico may never take rank with Cuba as a fine-

tobacco producing country, but within her borders especially on the confines of the *Tierra Caliente* of the east coast, there is a soil particularly adapted to the growth of the tobacco-plant, and an atmosphere and temperature favorable for ripening and curing it. The tobacco of Vera Cruz is rapidly winning its way into favor, and the Vera Cruz cigars will ere long, in all probability, compete with those of Havana.

## MINERALS AND MINES.

Mining in Mexico has hitherto been confined to a comparatively narrow circle. The immense mass of silver which the country has yielded since the Conquest has proceeded from a few central spots; yet if one examines the history of these spots, it will be found that three centuries of constant productiveness have not sufficed to exhaust the principal mines originally worked, while by far the largest proportion of quartz veins remains unworked.

Humboldt says the annual average of the Mexican mines between 1690 and 1803 was \$12,000,000. The total product to 1834 was over \$4,000,000,000. The gross product of the mine Santa Gertrudis in the first four years, I am told, reached \$4,000,000, and it is yet new. More than \$2,000,000 has been divided in profits. In Pachuca and the mining districts around it—Real del Monte, El Chico and Santa Rosa—are no less than 267 mines. In the archives of Mexico may be found the records of various mines, some of them being over three hundred years old. By these it appears that one hundred million dollars have been taken from a single mine.

## THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The fascination of Mexican history is universally acknowledged, connected as it is with the picturesque of the present and the antiquity of the past. Modern Mexico is one of the most interesting cities in the world. Here in the City of Mexico are over five hundred miles of streets and many beautiful plazas. The grandest avenue is the Paseo Grande, running straight to Chapultepec, ornamented with trees and statuary. Above the site of the ancient Aztec *Tecalli* stands the great and world-famous Cathedral—begun in 1573, completed in 1657. There are many other religious edifices that will repay examination. The great Museum, with its famous relics of the past, the grand Library, the College of Mines, the Mexican Mint, the National Palace, Palace of Congress, etc., etc., are places of historical interest.

According to the census taken by the Government of the Federal District in 1886, and which has been verified and corrected by the agency of Messrs. Pridu, Navarro & Co., the City of Mexico contains 292,716 inhabitants, but the compilers remark: "As our system of collecting statistics is yet defective to a great extent, we cannot accept this census as correct, especially as thirty years ago the population of the capital was estimated at 250,000, and, in view of the progress made by the city since that time, the increase must have been greater than appears from this census. This increase has been especially notable during the last ten years, in which peace and the establishment of railroads have tended to increase the industries and commerce of the capital."

The City of Mexico contains 7,979 buildings, valued at \$114,738,000. These figures do not include public or Government buildings, churches, private hospitals, etc., which would greatly increase both the number and value of edifices.

There are in the city 7,047 commercial and industrial establishments, of which the following are the most important as to numbers: One thousand and seventy-two tobacco stores; 889 grocery stores; 670 pulque stores; 514 liquor saloons; 390 restaurants; 275 butcher shops; 190 bakeries; 144 grain stores; 130 barber shops; 118 tailoring establishments; 171 carpenter shops; 174 shoe stores; 88 blacksmith shops; 79 drug stores; 68 hardware stores; 56 printing offices; 55 bath houses; 72 drygoods stores; 48 banks (chartered and private) and 46 cafés. The 7,047 commercial and industrial establishments pay an annual municipal tax of \$445,758.

There are 9 cotton, 3 woolen and 7 paper factories in the city and its suburbs.

There are 316 schools and colleges in the city, with 712 male and 469 female teachers, and an average daily attendance of 12,775 boys and 10,385 girls, or a total daily average of 23,160. Fully one-half of the above schools are supported by the Federal and Municipal Governments at an annual expense of \$816,840. Among these educational establishments should be mentioned the Academy of Fine Arts, the Mining, Engineering and Medical Schools, and the Military, Law, Commercial and Agricultural Colleges, where all who desire, irrespective of religion, nationality, race, color or social condition, may obtain a good education and learn some trade or profession free of charge.

There are 32 lines of street railways in the city, besides 11 others which connect with suburban towns, and 5 trunk railways entering the city from different directions.

Many volumes have been, and are yet to be written of this wonderful country; but, after all, to be appreciated, it must be seen. J. B. F.

## RUSSIAN CREDULITY.

ODESSA papers report that in the village of Obodny, in the Government of Podolia, a peasant, reputed to be wealthy and to have money hoarded in his house, received a visit lately from three venerable-looking men, dressed in garments of a somewhat clerical fashion, who informed him that they were Christ and the Apostles Peter and Paul. The sham Christ said to him: "I have given you great wealth, but you have omitted to exercise charity, so I have come to reckon with you. Give me your money." The terrified peasant fell on his knees, begged for mercy, and gave over five hundred silver rubles, declaring it was all the money he had in the house. They were not satisfied, and he sent off his servant to collect money from neighbors who were indebted to him. The report of the presence in the village of such holy visitors brought a crowd to the spot. But the impostors mistook their motives, and believed they had come to apprehend them. One of them drew a knife from under his clothes and attacked a peasant, whereupon the crowd seemed to have become at once enlightened as to the true character of the trio, and, taking courage, overpowered them.

## MONEY IN BLACKING BOOTS.

A NEW YORK correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record* writes: "I have been watching for a number of years a sunburned Italian bootblack who has a stand within range of my office-window. He pays no rent, working out his indebtedness by keeping the sidewalk clean and regulating the awnings of the people on the corner. He has two

chairs mounted on a brass-trimmed platform, and a big umbrella to keep off the sun in warm weather. He is a decent fellow, and does not spit on your boots, as do most bootblacks, but has a wet sponge in a tin that he dampens his brushes with. Such a shine as he gives, and all for five cents. Notwithstanding the fact that business is very dull in the winter, bad walking and cold weather being very much against him, he has managed to put money in the bank. He told me the other day, with the air of a man not altogether displeased with his extravagance, that it costs him fifty dollars a month to live. When I exclaimed at this he added, with another touch of pride, that he had a wife and three children. How much better off he is than many men who make as many thousands as he does hundreds, because he lives within his means. He has the true foreign idea of economy. I have no doubt but that he has a cleaner house and better meals than many an American who makes the same money; and his wife, I will venture to say, has none of the social aspirations that make an American woman, no matter what her condition, always reaching out for something just beyond her grasp."

## HOW TO MODIFY THE CLIMATE.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* says: "Mr. John C. Goodridge, Jr., has suggested a project for modifying the climate of the Atlantic coast by closing the Strait of Belle Isle, and advances the theory that this scheme is feasible as a problem in physical geography capable of an engineering solution. He argues that it is shown by charts that the great body of the 'cold wall' comes to us through that strait. Newfoundland deflects the remainder of the Arctic current to the southeast. Here, pressing against the Gulf Stream, it veers southward in the form of a loop, and finally, running under it, goes on towards the equator. That part of the Gulf Stream that passes our shores has a course directly north and a little west, is deflected slightly towards the east by the coasts of South and of North Carolina, and thence turns more to the north again, when it is deflected by the cold current returning from the pole. When this cold current is of least strength, as in August and September, the Gulf Stream comes within ten miles of Barnegat; at other times it is distant one hundred and twenty miles, changing with the amount of the cold current and the wind. If we had not the cold wall between our shores and the Gulf Stream, it is fair to presume that we should have a less stormy coast, as the juxtaposition of these two currents with their difference in temperature must from that circumstance tend to an unstable condition of atmospheric equilibrium. Our cold northwest winds would then sweep to the north of us and become westerly and southwesterly winds."

## A PROSPEROUS NEGRO COLLEGE.

CLAFLIN COLLEGE, at Orangeburg, S. C., an institution for the instruction of negroes, appears to be eminently successful in its work. On a recent visit, the Governor of the State found over 300 well-dressed, well-behaved and thrifty-looking boys and girls, ranging in age from fourteen to thirty years, scattered through an eleven years' course of study, making as rapid progress as any class of students enjoying equal advantages. In addition to the regular courses of study, he found ten well-organized and well-equipped industrial departments operated by the students under the direction of competent superintendents. He found a large and well-cultivated farm, a neat and attractive campus, the buildings all in good repair and newly painted.

## FACTS OF INTEREST.

FORTY locomotives a week is now the average output of the locomotive works in the United States.

THE California grape crop has been injured by frost. As a result, the yield of wine this year is likely to fall short of the previous estimate.

THE perseverance of the Prince of Wales has prevailed and the Imperial Institute scheme, to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee, is assured. Up to the 14th inst., the United Kingdom contributed about \$925,000 and Canada \$100,000, while Australia promises nearly \$500,000. Fresh lists are pouring in daily, and the Indian chiefs meditate making large offerings by way of "muzzur." It is not improbable that the Queen will intimate a strong wish to add to all this the surplus of the Women's Jubilee Offering, and before July 4th the total will probably reach \$2,000,000.

THREE vessels-of-war have just been added to the English Navy: the steel armor-plated turret-ship *Sanspareil*; the torpedo cruiser *Raccoon*, and the composite sloop *Buzzard*. The *Sanspareil* is the biggest ironclad ever launched in England. She is to carry two 110-ton guns, besides a powerful subsidiary armament, and will be capable of a speed of seventeen knots. The estimated cost of the vessel is £825,000, but by the time she is finally put into commission the dockyard authorities will almost certainly, with all their multitudinous alterations and improvements, have brought her cost up to a full million sterling.

DR. OSCAR LENZ, the eminent scientist, has lately returned to Europe, after traveling on foot across the African Continent, through regions literally reeking with marsh fevers, agues and small-pox. During the entire journey he enjoyed perfect and robust health, and on not a single occasion felt the need of medicine, remedial or preventive. This immunity he attributes almost entirely to his correct diet and habits. Raw fruit he eschewed. All water used was first boiled. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor passed his lips. Rice, chicken and tea formed his staple fare. He avoided bathing in cold water, exposed himself as little as possible to the dews and mists of night, and dressed entirely in flannel.

A NEW and extraordinarily fine variety of asparagus has just been discovered, and that, too, in one of the very last places in which one would think of looking for anything rich or rare in the way of vegetable productions. It seems that the steppes of Akhal-Tekia, recently annexed by Russia, are covered in parts with asparagus, which, though growing perfectly wild, attains a size unknown in the market-gardens of Europe. The stalks are said to be nearly as thick as a man's arm, and they grow to the height of five to six feet. A single one of them is quite enough, we are told, to supply ten Russian soldiers with an excellent vegetarian meal. The flavor of this asparagus is described as equal to that of the best European kinds.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE is a marked decline in the prices of iron in the Pittsburgh district.

FIVE Government officials have been banished from Turkey for treason.

In one day recently, in Berlin, eleven persons committed, or attempted to commit, suicide.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Chicago to secure the appointment of women as members of the Board of Education.

THE Odd Fellows' monument to Schuyler Colfax, erected at Indianapolis, Ind., was unveiled on the 18th inst.

ST. PETERSBURG papers deny that the Afghan frontier negotiations between Russia and England have been ruptured.

THE Michigan Legislature has passed a Bill making it a misdemeanor to manufacture oleomargarine in that State.

MRS. MICHAEL DAVITT recently made her debut as a singer at a great charity concert in Dublin, and scored a decided popular success.

MUNKACSZY'S "Death of Mozart," has been purchased by ex-Governor Alger of Michigan, and presented to the Detroit Art Museum.

A CHICAGO canning company has concluded a contract for 1,500,000 kilos of canned meat for the French Army and 3,000,000 for the Navy.

THE New York Assembly has passed a Bill making eight hours a day's work for convicts and prohibiting the use of machinery in the State prisons.

OWING to the refusal of the Missouri Legislature to appropriate funds and give support to the militia, the First Regiment, at St. Louis, has resolved to disband.

GENERAL BOULANGER's plan for an experimental mobilization of the French Army next October is distrusted at Berlin. If France mobilizes, Germany will mobilize also.

THE municipal authorities of Metz, and the poorhouse, savings bank and hospital officials there, have been ordered to use the German language in their intercourse with the public.

A DEPUTATION of Englishwomen last week presented to the Irish Parliamentary leaders an illuminated address denouncing the Coercion Bill, and urging them to have courage, faith and patience.

BOSTON, like New York, justly complains of the foreign names given to her great apartment houses. "The Princess," "The Royal," "The Oxford," and "The Pelham," are among the titles which offend the ears of sensible and loyal Hubbies.

THE General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church, both North and South, convened last week, the former at Omaha, and the latter at St. Louis. Committees have been appointed by the two Churches to consider the subject of organic union.

THE public executioner at Cologne has just died. He had his coffin built some years ago, and kept it carefully in his rooms. In his will he asked to be buried in his official dress. The Cologne executioner is the only one in Germany who employs the guillotine. In all other places the ax is used.

THE Guion steamship *Arizona* and the *Cornard Servia*, which arrived at New York last week, were unusually neighborly on the way over. They left Queenstown on May 8th, and were in sight of each other four days, parting on the 12th out of sight from each other's decks, but still hanging together.

A DEFINITE settlement has been effected between the Haytian Government and the British Commissioner, with regard to the Island of Tortuga, by which the Haytian Government is to pay \$160,000 as indemnity in four installments, in consideration of which the full possession of the island is to be restored to it.

A STRIKE of 400 men at the Pennsylvania Salt Works at Natrona, near Pittsburgh, has reduced the Methodist Sunday-school from 1,000 to 500 children. The clergyman is accused of being in sympathy with the non-union men, and the parents say they will not send their children to a Sunday-school presided over by a "scab minister."

BOSTON rejoices in the application of steam-power to boot-polishing. In a shop located in the midst of the disciples of Blackstone has been fitted up an engine with a complex arrangement of straps by which brushes are whirled at a surprising rate. The customers are seated on a broad bench, and are polished off in a very short time.

DR. JUNKER, the Russian explorer, has received letters from Emin Bey, dated last December. In these Emin-Bey said the routes between Uganda and Wadelai were open, and that he had received supplies. Dr. Junker says he thinks that the success of Stanley's relief expedition is, barring accidents, assured by the fact that the routes are open.

It is said that the Bulgarian Regents are meditating the proclamation of King Charles of Romania as Prince of Bulgaria, thus virtually making of the Danubian Balkan Provinces one kingdom, Romania having, it is said, consented to the scheme. This policy is attributed to the initiative of England, and it is said to have the approval of Germany.

THE Financial Secretary of India has advised the Government of the discovery of an immense amount of treasure, estimated at over \$25,000,000, which had been secreted in the palace of Gwalior by the late Maharajah. The treasure had been sunk in pits under the vaults beneath the zenana, and the secret was entrusted to a few confidential servants. The Indian Government has borrowed the hoard of the young Maharajah.

At Virginia, Nev., recently, a jury, in the case of a man charged with the murder of his sister, returned the following verdict, after being out nineteen hours: "We find the defendant guilty of murder in the second degree. On account of the youth of the accused and this being his first offense we respectfully recommend him to the mercy of the court, and earnestly request that he be dealt with as leniently as possible under the existing circumstances."

PREPARATIONS are being made by Princeton College to send a scientific expedition to Russia to observe the total eclipse of the sun on August 19th. Prof. C. A. Young, the college astronomer, and Profs. Libbey and McNeill, will make up the party. The observations will be made about forty miles from Moscow. On its way back the party will attend the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Manchester, to which they have received a special invitation.



## MEMORIAL DAY AT NORFOLK, VA.

THURSDAY of last week, the 19th inst., was observed as Memorial or Decoration Day at Norfolk, Va., with ceremonies of unusual interest. The city was thronged with visitors, and the demonstration was throughout one of exceptional interest. The ceremonies were under the auspices of Pickett-Buchanan Camp of Confederate Veterans. They were participated in by the Federal marines and sailors from Portsmouth, and representatives of the United States Army and Navy, as well as by the Grand Army Posts and Confederate Camps. Military and civic organizations joined in the grand parade, which was reviewed by Governor Fitz-Hugh Lee and his staff. Main Street had been thronged with



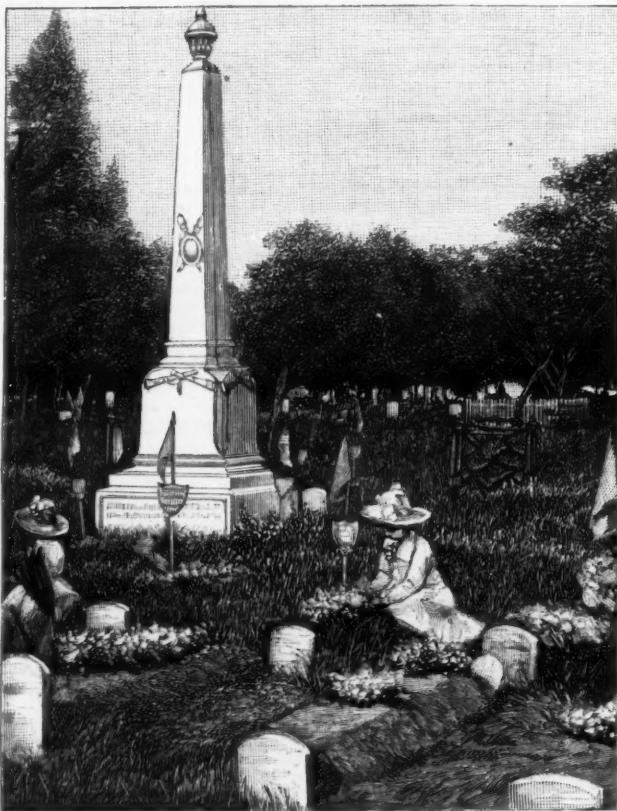
CAPTAIN E. M. HENRY, COMMANDER PICKETT-BUCHANAN CAMP.

strangers and Norfolk people during the morning, all eagerly waiting the formation of the line. Mounted men flew up and down at breakneck speed, bands were playing and soldier companies marching up and down the street to the music. Flags and streamers floated in the light breeze, and men and boys assembled on the corners, praising the qualities of the respective companies and organizations as they marched by. "Here come the sailors!" was the cry as a detachment of marines and sailors marched from the ferry wharf up Market Square and took their place in line in front of the Purcell House. Commander Brown had been most liberal in his allowance of marines and sailors at the Yard, and two companies of marines and two detachments of sailors were in line. It would be impossible to enter into all the details or to sum up the many beautiful and stirring features that were presented to the eye of the observer. Suffice it to say that it was a red-letter day in the history of Norfolk.

Long before the procession reached the cemeteries they were filled with carriages and people. Over the entrance to the cemeteries were placed both flags of the Confederacy and the "flag of the Union," and in conspicuous letters the initials "P. B. C. V., and appropriate quotations from the poem, "The Blue and the Gray." The graves were beautifully decorated with the choicest of flowers. The stand at Elmwood Cemetery was tastefully decorated with flowers and bunting. Hanging on the sides of the temporary structure was a striking likeness of General Pickett. Other noticeable emblems were, the gift of the G. A. R. Post in Norfolk of a



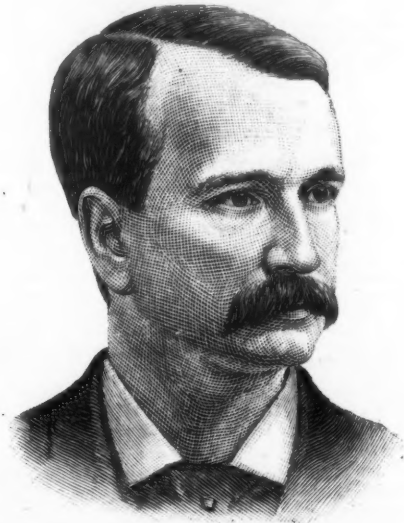
CAPTAIN J. F. CECIL, CHIEF MARSHAL.



CHILDREN DECORATING GRAVES IN ELMWOOD CEMETERY.

picture of General Grant's tomb; also a picture of General Lee and staff.

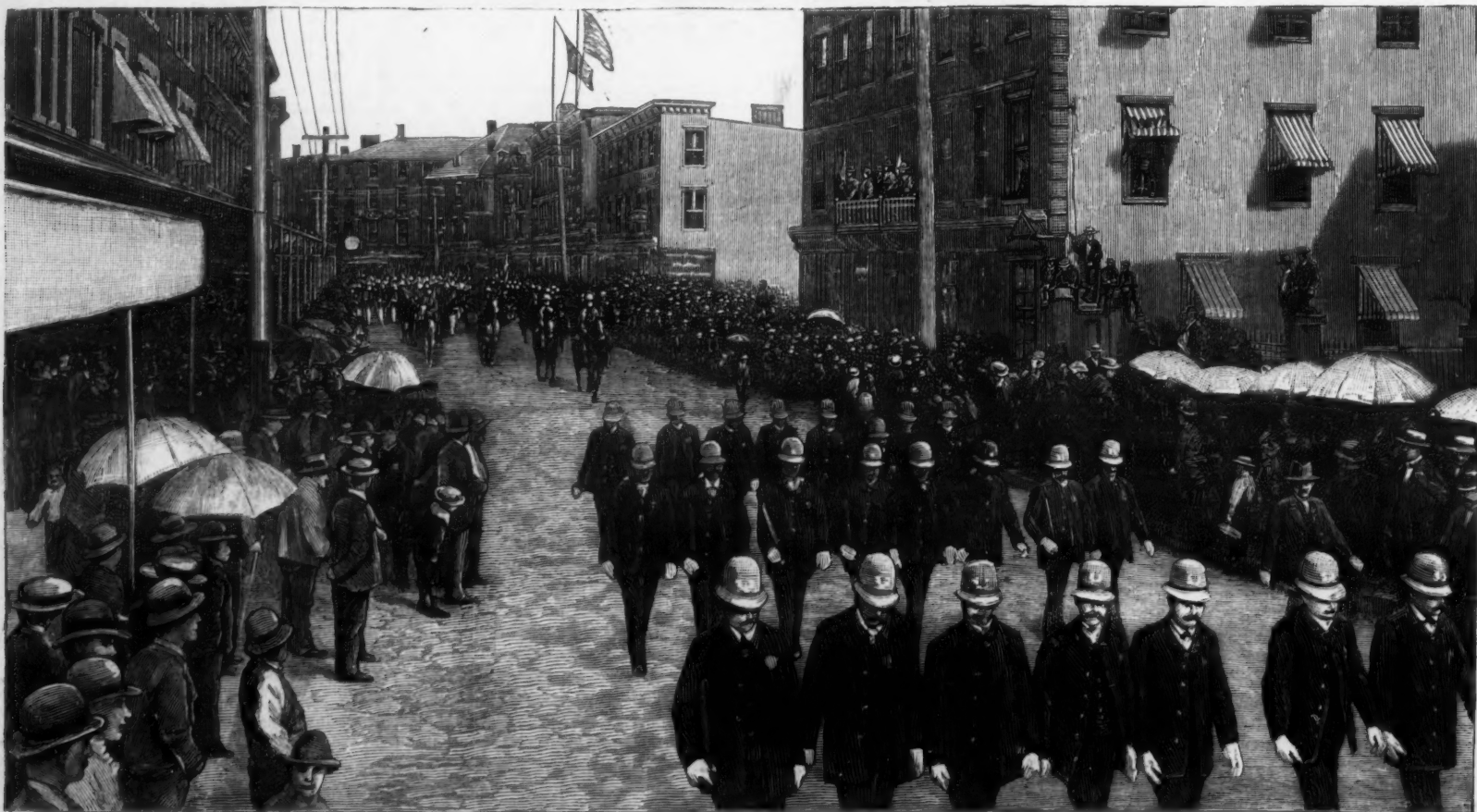
At the ceremonies at Elmwood Cemetery, General Lee presided. After appropriate opening services, Major Butler P. Lee delivered an oration which was universally approved. In the course of his remarks the orator said: "After four years of hot argument, the God of battles, one April day at Appomattox, rendered His decision against the claim to the right of secession and in favor of the perpetuity of the Union. With dignity, but not in humiliation, the South accepted that decision, and no more for ever will her voice be heard for any disturbance of the equipoise of the Union. The brightest hopes, the dearest interests of the South are wrapped up in the Union, and the heart of the South



M. GLENNAN, CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

now beats in harmony with the heart of the North for imperishable life to the Union. As one people, with one country, let us look backward with a common pride, in contemplation of the valor of both sections. As one people, with one country, let us look forward with a common purpose in a common patriotism for the promotion of the interests, for the maintenance of the honor, for the expansion of the power, for the support of the dignity, of our Government, without remembering, either on the one side or the other, that there was ever a war between us." Governor Lee also made a brief address, in which he expressed his gratification at the growing unity of the American people, and complimented the bravery of the sons of the South whose graves had been freshly decorated. A fine original poem by Mr. S. S. Dawes added to the interest of the occasion. The efforts of both orator and poet were received with every manifestation of delight by the multitude. The parade was the most imposing ever made in Norfolk on a like occasion, both in numbers and equipments. "It was altogether," remarks the *Virginian*, "a grand occasion, and we wish to file notice, here and now, that the North, the East, the West and the South were well represented in every department of the display."

Our illustrations include portraits of Chief Marshal Captain J. F. Cecil, Captain E. M. Henry, Commander of the Pickett-Buchanan Camp, and Mr. M. Glennan, Chairman of the General Committee in charge of the memorial services; together with pictures of the scenes in Elmwood Cemetery, and the review of the procession by Governor Lee.



GOVERNOR FITZ-HUGH LEE REVIEWING THE PROCESSION FROM THE BALCONY OF THE ST. JAMES HOTEL.

VIRGINIA.—IMPOSING CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY SERVICES AT NORFOLK, MAY 19TH.

FROM PHOTOS BY J. J. FABER.



## EMPORIA, KANSAS.

ONE OF THE GROWING CITIES OF A GREAT STATE.

THE unparalleled growth of Kansas in population and material wealth during the past decade has challenged the wonder and admiration of the American people, and the State stands to-day as the grandest monument of enterprise in the history of the progressive civilization of modern times. The traveler, attracted to its borders by the fascinating story of the phenomenal development of its resources, contemplates, with delightful surprise, the flourishing and handsome towns and cities which dot the lines of the great commercial thoroughfares by which the State is traversed in all directions, and as he gazes upon the busy centres through which he is borne, he pauses to ask by what mighty magic these populous and thrifty municipalities have risen, and by virtue of what alchemy they expand with such rapidity into metropolitan proportions.

Of all the towns in Kansas which have thus exhibited a marvelous growth, none have commanded a more generous share of admiration than the beautiful City of Emporia, which has just entered upon a new era of prosperity, induced by the assured construction of two new railroads, and many other improvements of a substantial and valuable character. The beauty of the place has long been a subject of glowing comment. Located on a sunny and slightly stretch of rolling prairie, near the confluence of the Neosho and Cottonwood Rivers, it enjoys the advantages of perfect drainage, an abundant water supply for manufacturing and other purposes, and a situation that cannot be rivaled for purity and healthfulness of climate. It is the natural commercial centre for a fruitful and well-settled country, reaching out in all directions for a distance of thirty miles, the nearest town on the east of any considerable size being Topeka, which is sixty miles removed, while Wichita, which is nearly one hundred miles southwest, is the only competitor which it can encounter in that direction. It will thus be seen that there is tributary to Emporia a vast territory, which has been largely subjugated by the tillers of the soil to the uses of commerce and the support of a rapidly growing population.

In the direction of superior facilities for transportation, Emporia possesses advantages which can be claimed by but few towns in the State. It secured, many years ago, the Kansas and Texas division of the Missouri Pacific; and, as the centre of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway system in Kansas, it is division headquarters for the main line from Kansas City and Atchison via Topeka; of the line from Kansas City via Ottawa; of the line south via Eureka and Howard, and of the new southwest line via Arkansas City to



THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.



SOUTHWEST CORNER OF COMMERCIAL STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

Galveston, Texas. In addition to these lines, which are already constructed, bonds have been voted recently to aid in the construction of the Missouri, Kansas and Southwestern, and the Emporia, Winfield and Fort Smith, both of which are to be built within one year from January 1st, 1888. Other powerful railroad corporations are looking towards Emporia, and it is not too much to assume that this inviting centre will be seriously considered in connection with the future plans of the St. Louis and San Francisco, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Roads.

The recent selection of Emporia by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Company as the feeding and distributing station for the Texas cattle trade will make it the leading live-stock market of the State, and attests its claims as a superior railroad centre.

For institutions of learning, Emporia is notable among the cities of Kansas. It is the seat of the State Normal School, which has an enrollment of 1,000 students, and which is mainly supported by the revenue arising from the conversion into money of lands by which the institution was endowed by the State. The building, a graceful and imposing structure, stands at the head of the principal business street of the city, and is an object of unfailing interest to strangers visiting the town. It annually sends forth scores of teachers into all sections of Kansas, and its agency in elevating the standard of intelligence in the State is recognized on all hands. The school will be enlarged this Summer by an additional wing, the cost of which—\$25,000—has been provided for by legislative appropriation.

The College of Emporia was erected three years ago at a cost of \$75,000. It was established by the Presbyterian Synod of Kansas, and has received liberal aid from the East and other sections. The college is located about a mile from the city, upon a commanding elevation, which reveals to superlative advantage the striking architectural beauty of the structure.

The course of instruction in the graded schools of Emporia is liberal and progressive, and the useful and practical character of the knowledge imparted cannot be too highly commended.

The entire absence of drinking-saloons in Emporia and the

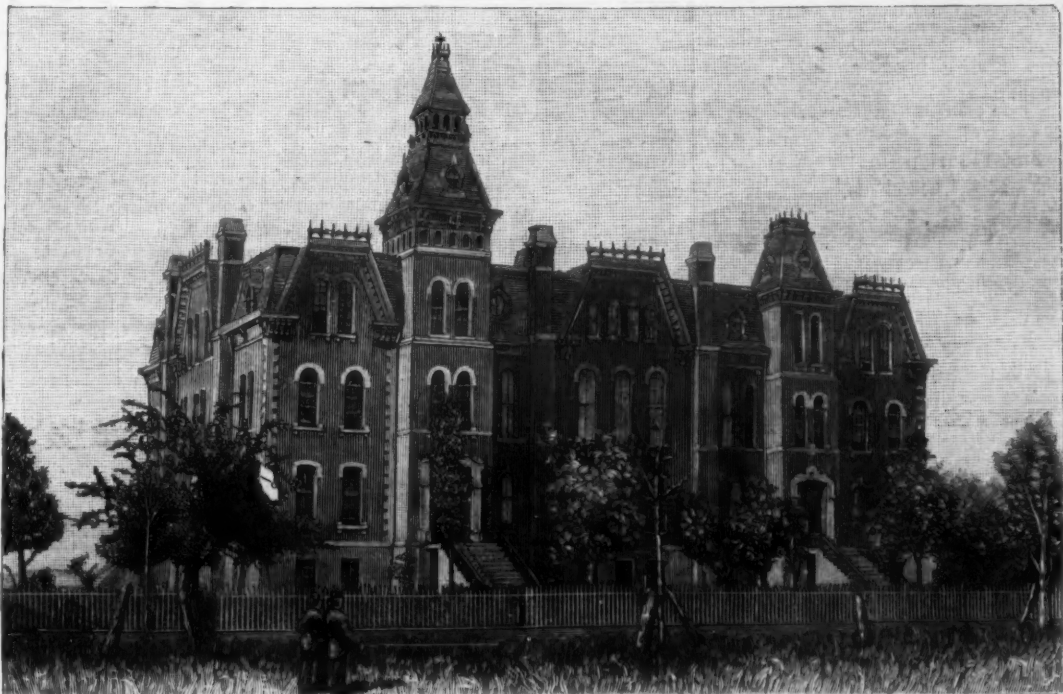
flourishing condition of the churches speak for the high moral tone which pervades the community. The people have built and paid for five handsome church edifices in as many years, and are preparing to extend work in this line. The public Press also wields a potent influence in the conservation of public morals, and the town supports one morning and two evening daily newspapers.

In all of the appliances which appertain to the comfort of living, Emporia takes advanced rank among the cities of the West which offer special incentives to immigration. Her commodious and well-ordered hotels, her magnificent water-works system, her street-car lines, her gas and electric lights, her public library, her handsome places of amusement, and her beautiful homes, all impress the visitor with the desirability of the town as a place of residence.

Compared with values in a vast majority of Kansas towns, property in and around Emporia is singularly cheap, and though the place now holds a population of 12,000 souls, and possesses all the elements of rapid and substantial growth, the prices of real estate are such as to offer absolutely safe and profitable opportunities for investment. The boom at this place is founded upon the secure rock of intrinsic values, and every venture must prosper which is made in the face of this important consideration.

## A NEW LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

A GENTLEMAN of Philadelphia, who was formerly a resident of Wheeling, W. Va., tells the following quaint anecdote: "Mrs. Lincoln had a very dear friend in Wheeling, Mrs. Richard J. Dodge, who was at one time a Miss Ridgley, of



THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

KANSAS.—VIEWS IN THE CITY OF EMPORIA—TWO OF ITS EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS AND ONE OF ITS PRINCIPAL STREETS.  
FROM PHOTOS.



pringfield, where she went to school with Mrs. Lincoln when they were both young girls. On the day following the rapid journey of the President-elect from Harrisburg to Washington, when his friends feared assassination, Mrs. Dodge received a bouquet from Mrs. Lincoln, in a paper box, without an explanatory note or card accompanying it. We consulted over this present for some time, and finally wrote to Mrs. Lincoln for a solution. She wrote in answer that the bouquet signified the safe arrival of her husband, and meant, "Abe O. K."

In the article on the Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, in our issue of May 14th, it was omitted to say that the English setter "Royal Albert" was imported February 10th, 1887, by Mr. C. Fred Crawford, of the Blackstone Kennels, Pawtucket, R. I. The dog's winnings in England are: Second, at Stockton-on-Tees, June, 1886; first prize and special cup, all classes, Darlington, July, 1886; first, Durham Co., July, 1886; first and gold medal, best setter or pointer, Edinburgh, September, 1886.

#### LETTER FROM JAMES ROBINSON, ATHLETIC TRAINER AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.

PRINCETON, N. J., Jan. 21, 1886.  
I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, etc. Shortly after entering upon my profession in this country, I discovered such a remedy in ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I tried other plasters, but found them too harsh and irritating.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. I have cured scores of students and friends of sore throats and colds by the application of these plasters on the throat and chest. I had a pupil who contracted a severe cold which settled on his kidneys. I placed two plasters over the kidneys, and the result was that in six hours he was entirely well. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back, and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In "sprint" and "distance" races and jumping, the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected.

I have used ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS successfully in walking matches, when the legs become tired and swollen with over-exertion, by covering the important muscles with them.

It is my unreserved opinion—an opinion formed after considerable experience—that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are a most efficacious and valuable remedy.

JAMES ROBINSON.

"Look at that rabbit, ma," said little Tot, as she curiously watched the peculiar "twinkle" of the animal's features; "every time he stops to smell anything he seems to stutter with his nose."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

#### ROOMS CAN BE ENGAGED NOW.

The fishing at New London and in its vicinity for both bluefish and blackfish is so famous as to be almost proverbial. The famous hotel Fort Griswold-on-the-Sound, opposite New London, is the best on the Atlantic coast. It is a famous anchorage for ships and steamers, and is right in the centre of the very best fishing grounds. The temperature there is much lower than that elsewhere, and it would be impossible for anyone not to enjoy themselves at this house. Send to the proprietors, MATTHEWS & PIERSON, of the well-known Sturtevant House, N. Y., for plans of the house and seven cottages, and announcement of the season which opens June 25th.—*Herald.*

#### THE TENTH OF \$50,000.

HOW A COLORED BOY BECAME RICH, AND THE EFFECT HIS WEALTH HAS HAD UPON HIM—ONE DOLLAR IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

Of course a majority of our citizens are opposed to gambling, but there is considerable pleasure when you try it to know that you are going to play a game that is fair. Clifford J. Tweedy, the colored boy, was the lucky holder of the one-tenth of ticket 23,899—the second capital prize of \$50,000—received about a week ago his one tenth, or \$5,000, and our readers would perhaps like to know something of this colored boy's life, and how he won the prize, and what he has done and intends doing with his money.

Clifford is a likely colored boy, about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, and was raised by Mr. Henry T. Peay, with whom he has been for the past sixteen years. At the time of his drawing the \$5,000 he was in the employ of Mr. Peay, getting \$8 per month. He has retained his position with Mr. Peay, and does his work as faithfully as ever.

After receiving his \$5,000 he deposited \$4,000 in the Georgia Railroad Bank, and took one thousand dollars and divided a portion of it amongst his poor colored relations. Be it to his credit, too, he did not forget his employer, Mr. Peay, to whom he gave a present of fifty dollars.

He says with the four thousand dollars that he has deposited in the Georgia Railroad he intends to buy Augusta real estate—another sign that he has a level head. In answer to the question how much he had invested before winning, he replied that he had bought a ticket regularly every month for the last fifteen months, and it was the fifteenth dollar that did the work.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*, April 30th.

A New Road to Health has been developed by Dr. J. WALKER, of California. It cuts right through all the old fallacies of the faculty. His famous CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS are working wonders. The formula of this inestimable Vegetable Medicine excludes alcohol, mineral poisons and dangerous narcotics. It is a tonic of the purest character, with cathartic, anti-bilious and general regulating properties. Composed of vegetable products gathered on the Sierra Nevada, and in other parts of California, it is a medicine *sui generis*, without a rival, as a remedy for dyspepsia and all bilious and nervous disorders.

#### A GENEROUS OFFER.

TAYLOR'S CATARRH CURE is sold under a guarantee that, if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten-days' trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 261 Broadway, New York. Send 4c. stamp for pamphlet. It is sure, safe, pleasant. Our readers can rely upon this.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

As old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

#### Fortune's Favorites

ARE those who court Fortune—those who are always looking out for and investigating the opportunities that are offered. Send your address to HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine, and they will mail you, free, full particulars about work that you can do while living at home, wherever you are located, and earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Some have earned over \$50 in a single day. All is new.

ALL persons afflicted with Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Colic, and all kinds of indigestions, will find immediate relief and sure cure by using ANGSTURIA BITTERS. The only genuine is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



#### Stomach Disorder.

If your stomach is disordered, indigestion ensues, the kidneys become clogged with impurities that impair—or, in extreme cases, put a stop altogether—to their secretory functions, the blood becomes vitiated, and

#### POISONS the SYSTEM

Let this chain of events go on to its natural ending, from however trivial a beginning, and the result is serious. Arrest this fatal progress by using Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, which, while it strengthens the digestive organs, restores the secretory functions, and speedily casts out the gathered impurities in the organs affected. "I was troubled with Sick Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation for a number of years, but am now entirely free from them, and

#### The Credit of Curing Me is Due

to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and I recommend it to all who suffer from these complaints.—Daniel Pitts, Taunton, Mass." It is adapted to both sexes, affording relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, as Kidney and Liver complaints. For many complaints once thought to be incurable Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y., is now known to be a certain cure. Nervousness, Debility, Rheumatism and the ill peculiar to women invariably yield to it.

#### Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; 6 for \$5.

#### HALE'S HONEY

OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Hoarse Hoarseness, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. *Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed.* Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and overworked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

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The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspepsia and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

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The combination of a Pillow within a Traveler's Cap is a decided novelty, and something that cannot fail to be appreciated. Although to external appearances like other silk caps, it has concealed within its lining an air-cushion, which may be inflated at will, thus forming a soft head-rest which enables one to lean comfortably against any hard substance.

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C. WEIS Mfr of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N. Y. Factories, Walker St., & Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.

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Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electric-Magnetic Belt. Free combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send Stamp for pamphlet. ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DYSPEPSIA. DR. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.

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100,000 LIVES

ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,

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"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we grasp a bottle of "Sanitas" in a sick room."  
—ANNIE THOMAS in "Eyre of Blenden."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.  
40 Cents each Preparation.

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Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

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Positively Cured by these Little Pills.  
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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A laxative refreshing, fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

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Will commence the season June 15th. Superb ocean and landscape views. Music rooms and orchestra. Reduced rates in June and September; July and August, \$10 to \$14 per week. Send for descriptive circulars. R. R. Station and P. O. address, Portsmouth, N. H.

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IMPROVED  
HIRES ROOT BEER  
25 CENTS  
Makes Five Gallons of a delicious, sparkling temperance beverage. Strengthens and purifies the blood. Its purity and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

#### CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.

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#### How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, SCALY and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

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CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

ESTABLISHED 1801.

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The Oldest and the Best.

Prevents the hair from falling off, eradicates scurf, dandruff, etc. Keeps it in the most beautiful condition, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places.

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OPEN JUNE 1ST.

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Has accommodation for 250 guests, and is situated on an elevation of 1,650 feet, commanding

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Five acres of grounds for outdoor games. Broad piazzas, over three hundred feet in length, surrounding the house. Music for dancing, private theatricals, etc. Large livery and good laundry connected with the house. Telegraph office and railroad station, Lisbon, N. H. For circulars, etc., address, BOWLES & HOSKINS, Sugar Hill, N. H.

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Exceedingly low rates will be made for June and September.

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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



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Once said that the secret of good health consisted in keeping the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open. Had this eminent physician lived in our day, and known the merits of Ayer's Pills as an aperient, he would certainly have recommended them, as so many of his distinguished successors are doing.

The celebrated Dr. Farnsworth, of Norwich, Conn., recommends Ayer's Pills as the best of all remedies for "Intermittent Fevers."

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The Massachusetts State Assayer, Dr. A. A. Hayes, certifies: "I have made a careful analysis of Ayer's Pills. They contain the active principles of well-known drugs, isolated from inert matter, which plan is, chemically speaking, of great importance to their usefulness. It insures activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. Ayer's Pills contain no metallic or mineral substance, but the virtues of vegetable remedies in skillful combination."

## Ayer's Pills,

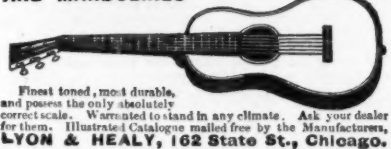
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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**Two Wheeler.**



Sold on its merits. Guaranteed free from Horse Motion. The only Two Wheeler vehicle that is absolutely free from Horse Motion. Send for free circular "How to purchase direct from manufacturer." SYRACUSE, N. Y. 55 Murray St., N. Y. 52 So. Market St. Boston.

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Finest toned, most durable, and possess the only absolutely correct scale. Warranted to stand in any climate. Ask your dealer for them. Illustrated Catalogue mailed free by the Manufacturers, LYON & HEALY, 162 State St., Chicago.

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LANDS, SETTLEMENTS, AND HOMES.

Those persons who desire to join a colony on the co-operative plan should write to the American Land and Colonization Association for full information and pamphlets. Parties wanted for all the necessary trades, such as farmers, laborers, mechanics, and merchants. Address H. S. WICKS, Manager, Hall Building, Kansas City, Mo.

N. B.—A new town has been established in Kansas, near which quantities of good farming land can be had at a very low price.



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For 25cts. you can obtain of your Druggist—or we will send it post-paid by mail—

### WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

This will enable you to Shave with Ease and Comfort over 100 times or 4 times for 1ct.

A Toilet Elegancy that all gentlemen who shave themselves will appreciate.

Address,

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

For 50 years Mfrs of famous Genuine Yankee Soap.

## THE FUNNIEST "SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA"

By JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.  
FUNNY HITS. FUNNY CUTS. SELLS LIKE FUN.



Wall, Josiah Allen would set and look at her by the hour—drifted admiring. Written amid the whirl of fashion at Saratoga, it takes off its follies, flirtations, low neck dressing, dukes, pug dogs, the water craze, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable mirth provoking style. "The (100) Illustrations of 'Oppen' are 'just killing.'" People crazy to get it. Selling like Hot Cakes. Price \$2.50. Agents wanted. Apply to HUBBARD BROS. Pubs. Philadelphia.

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From its texture it is especially adapted for Lawn Tennis, Yachting, Rowing, Gymnasium. From its texture it is especially adapted for Mountain and Seashore Wear, & all Athletic & Outdoor Sports.

Descriptive Circular Sent on Application.  
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Fine White Porcelain Dinner Sets, 100 pieces, \$12.00  
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Orders packed and placed on car or steamer free of charge. Sent on receipt of P. O. M. Order or Draft.

5000 AGENTS WANTED! DOUBLE QUICK! to sell  
**JOE HOWARD'S BEECHER**  
LIFE OF  
Infinitely the most valuable because so closely from the family circle and by a master hand engaged in a "Labor of Love," Richly illustrated, Selling immensely, quick is the word. \$25 to \$50 a week. Freight paid. Circulars free. Quilt 50c. HUBBARD BROS. Pubs. Philadelphia.

**For Good Purposes.**  
Mrs. M. A. Dauphin, of Philadelphia, is well known to the ladies of that city from the great good she has done by means of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She writes Mrs. Pinkham of a recent interesting case. "A young married lady came to me suffering with a severe case of Prolapsus and Ulceration. She commenced taking the Compound, and in two months was fully restored. In proof of this she soon found herself in an interesting condition. Influenced by foolish friends, she attempted to evade the responsibilities of maternity. After ten or twelve days she came to me again, and she was indeed in a most alarming state, and suffered terribly. I gave her a tablespoonful of the Compound every hour for eight hours until she fell asleep; she awoke much relieved and evidently better. She continued taking the Compound, and in due season she became the mother of a fine healthy boy. But for the timely use of the medicine she believes her life would have been lost."

Your Druggist has the Compound. \$1 per Bottle.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY**  
**Good News**  
—TO—  
**LADIES!**

Get up Orders for our CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES, and secure a beautiful MOSS ROSE or GOLD-BAND CHINA TEA-SET (44 pieces), our own importation. One of these beautiful china tea-sets given away to the party sending an order for \$25. This is the greatest inducement ever offered. Send in your orders and enjoy a cup of GOOD TEA or COFFEE, and at the same time procure a HANDSOME CHINA TEA-SET. No humbug. Good Teas, 30c., 35c. and 40c. per lb. Excellent Teas, 50c. and 60c., and very best from 65c. to 90c. When ordering, be sure and mention what kind of Teas you want—whether Oolong, Mixed, Japan, Imperial, Young Hyson, Gunpowder or English Breakfast. We are the oldest and largest Tea Company in the business. The reputation of our house requires no comment. N. B.—We have just imported some very fine WHITE GRANITE DINER SETS, 115 pieces, which we give away with Tea and Coffee orders of \$40 and upwards. For full particulars address

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,**  
31 and 33 Vesey Street,  
P. O. Box 289. NEW YORK.

## MOTH-WAX.

Kills the Moth and the old Moth Miller. It is a perfect protection of Furs and Woolen Fabrics, and is more economical to use than camphor. In one-pound boxes containing a dozen cakes. Agents wanted in every City, Town and County. WM. H. H. CHILDS, 73 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y. For sale by W. H. SCHEFFELIN & Co., 170 and 172 William St., N. Y., and the wholesale drug trade.

## ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.  
For Sale by all Stationers.  
**THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,**  
Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

\$5 TO \$8 A DAY. Samples worth \$1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN-HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

## 10,000 NAMES

Of Scandinavians all over the United States for sale cheap. Lately collected. Apply to

## LAMBERT GISSLOW,

226 Washington Ave., S.,  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**THE EDDY** ESTABLISHED 1847.  
**REFRIGERATOR.**

OVER 170,000 IN USE.

Noted for their Durability of Material and Perfect Workmanship.  
COLD, DRY AIR. SLATE SHELVES.

Ask your dealer for it, or send to us for illustrated catalogue.  
**D. EDDY & SON, Boston, (Dorchester) Mass.**

**FACE, HANDS, FEET,**  
and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superficial Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Bile Heads, Scars, Pimples and their treatment. Send for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. John H. Woodbury, 87 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1870.

**PILES.** Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

**OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT**  
CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN. Nervousness, Loss sleep or interference with business. Directions simple. Terms low. Treatment sent on trial and 80 DAY refund until you are cured. 1,000 Cures in Six Months. Particulars FREE. THE HUMANE REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, Ind.

## Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 8th, 1883, says: At one of the "Windows" Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms ! ! ! "There was an interesting group. It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so Paralyzed ! ! ! That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position. This refers to my case. I was first Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor Ataxy" (A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured) and was for several years barely able to get about. And for the last five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me. The last experiment being Nerve stretching. Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "advocate;" "For anything in the shape of patent "Medicines?" And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented ! ! I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong, I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could

"Walk!" So started across the floor and back. I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any "Stick!"

Or support. I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester "Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going in the room on Thursday last. Very gratefully, yours,

JOHN BLACKBURN.  
MANCHESTER (Eng.), Dec. 24, 1883.  
Two years later am perfectly well.

## One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my

Life! My trouble always came after eating any food—

However light, And digestible, For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most

Exerciating pains, "And the only way I ever got" "Relief!"

Was by throwing up all my stomach contained ! ! No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until

"At last?" I was taken ! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and

Could eat nothing ! ! ! My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain. Their efforts were no good to me.

At last I heard a good deal "About your Hop Bitters!" And determined to try them."

Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of One ! ! ! !

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a "Sick!"

Hour, from the same cause, since.

I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such

"Advocate as I am," GEO. KENDALL, Allston, Boston, Mass.

## PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The Best Cure for Coughs, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Indigestion, Inward Pains, Exhaustion. Combining the most valuable medicines with Jamaica Ginger, it exerts a curative power over disease unknown to other remedies.

Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Complaints, and the distressing illness of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging thousands to the grave who would recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It is new life and strength to the aged. 50c. at Drug-gists. Huxox & Co., 183 William Street, N. Y.

**OPIUM** HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to 30 days. Sanitarium treatment or medicines by express. 15 years established. Book free. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

**BEECHER** His Life and Death. First and Best book. Agents make \$48 per day. Terms free. W. C. GRISWOLD & Co., Centerbrook, Ct.

## CURE YOURSELF

Without Medicine  
Our new Improved ELECTRIC BELT, Pat. Oct. 20, '85, gives continuous, mild, soothing currents, that can be felt in all parts of the system, thus infusing the actual LIFE Principle, and in a natural way overcoming all Weaknesses. In Weak, Debilitated Vital Forces, Nervous Exhaustion, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Bladder Troubles Renewed Vigor and improvement follow first day's use. Sealed pamph. 2c. stamp. The Sanden Electric Co. 825 Broadway, NEW YORK.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

## Latest Fashions.

Interesting Stories, Instructive Home Articles, Valuable Medical Essays, by the best authors of the day, in the

**N. Y. Fashion Monitor,**  
231 Broadway, New York.

\$1.00 per year, Including One Dollar's worth of DRY or FANCY GOODS, FREE, your own choice, at Lowest New York prices.

**AGENTS** Biggest inducements to live agents. Large Pay for Little Work.



## A Phenomenal Enterprise.

(ARTICLE NO. II.)

A little time since an article with this caption appeared in these columns, accompanied by a hint that there might be a sequel.

There we attempted to make the impression that in the Compound Oxygen we possess the safest, the most pleasant, and the most potent curative agent that has ever been known. We endeavored to substantiate this by giving evidence of various results of our labors in this field.

We gave in evidence that although it cost each one of them fifteen dollars to make the trial, we have been patronized by more than 50,000 people, who are ready to declare now that the Compound Oxygen has been a boon to them; that our success has stirred up a small army of imitators in different parts of the country; that physicians have considered our success of sufficient importance to make a united effort in their corporate capacity, to crush out the Compound Oxygen.

There are other evidences of the sterling character of our Compound Oxygen Treatment, showing that we deserve success in the enterprise. Four or five years ago, as has been stated above, a number of interested persons—not interested in the public weal so much as in the plethora of their own pockets—procured samples, (so they say), of Compound Oxygen and got them analyzed by about a half dozen professors of chemistry in as many different colleges and universities. These professors stated over their own names, that the samples analyzed did not contain one ingredient possessing an iota of curative power. These statements, heavy with the weight of such ponderous and multitudinous credentials, were published broadcast.

What institution that deals directly with the public welfare could withstand assaults like those, unless it were founded and made up of the most sterling elements?

What were our means of defense?

First.—They gave no evidence that any of the analysts had manipulated a specimen of our Compound Oxygen.

Second.—We brought forward the statement published in every edition of our Brochure, that:—"It is a preparation of which chemists know nothing, and it differs essentially from all other substances used in medical inhalations."

Third.—We put in as a rebuttal, (in the event of their having analyzed a specimen of our Home Treatment), the almost sworn testimony of Judges, Congressmen, Clergymen, Authors and others; whose intelligence and integrity are doubted by no one, in all of which cases the results of the Compound Oxygen Treatment had astonished them and their friends.

Do you wish to know the effect of these catapultic assaults? At first there was a manifest falling off in our business, but in the years immediately following, the increase was greater than it had been before.

This matter of chemical analysis merits a moment's consideration; mainly because there are still some interested specialists who continue to publish their belief, based upon said analyses, that there is not a particle of curative power in the Compound Oxygen. None of the analysts (and it is slightly amusing that no two results of these analyses are at all alike,) pretend that there is anything the least harmful in the Compound Oxygen, but simply that it is inert! Why then will not those who are interested in publishing these assaults have the decency to explain how it is that we have accomplished in so many thousand cases, many times over what themselves have been able to do? Surely, if our treatment be inert, that of others must be doing an immensity of harm!

In the above we have endeavored to give our readers a pen-picture of our business. We wish to show our opinion of the attitude which we occupy to those whom we are able and willing to help. If we have made ourselves appear conceited, the fault is in the multitude of confirmatory facts which lie at our hand.

There is one feature in our enterprise to which we attach a good deal of importance, and which

we here express, at the risk of appearing to give further evidence of our conceit. We claim to be competent, educated, skillful and practical physicians. We devote our acquirements in this line to watching over and caring for the welfare of our patients, so long as they remain under treatment. In this work, which has long since increased beyond the ability of two men to meet, we have the assistance of four other active medical graduates.

With all these advantages, and we earnestly believe them to be superior to those possessed by any other similar institution in the world, we are not ashamed to acknowledge ourselves as candidates for the confidence and patronage of those who are earnestly seeking for lost health.

"But, do you cure everybody?" Happily, *no!* The age of miracles is past. We refuse to treat many who apply to us, because disease has made them completely its own. There are many others whose condition is such that only a trial can determine upon which side of the fatal line any given case may be. It is a painful and damaging experience to secure a trial of a remedial agent, by holding out hopes that will be falsified. But knowing what has been accomplished in many seemingly desperate cases, we prefer, at times, to risk our reputation as prognosticators, and the censure of the friends, to losing one chance for the life of the sufferer.

There are other circumstances over which we have no control, which cause failures. The statement of cases in writing, by the patients, or their friends, is liable to decided imperfections. Again, human nature presents very diverse phases. It is no less eccentric when it manifests itself through a body tortured and warped by disease. Is it not easy to see the difficulty of securing the conditions necessary to a successful issue of the Treatment in any given case, especially with patients whom we never see?

We have now said our modest "say" about Compound Oxygen. Some writer, in the near future, will make this appear like puny trivialities in the light of developments which are now transpiring in the line of this phenomenal enterprise.

No one who keeps up with the current literature can fail to be struck with the evidences of mental activity in these developments. A healing agent which cures almost all the ills that flesh is heir to, by restoring the whole nervous system, centres, trunks and branches, from foundation to keystone, and through these channels the whole body to a state of eminent integrity, is indeed a marvel. Such a healing agent can but modify, if it do not revolutionize the healing art in every department.

Now we have said the least that can be truthfully said of the Compound Oxygen. "His will be a good word who will say the lawful best."

In the above it may be thought that we have made many statements without verification. We are ready to be put to the test of proving them all. But the proof of them is of less interest to those in search of lost health than the proof that others, like themselves, have been successful. Of course for want of space we can give you very few, but they are taken from hundreds of others equally worthy of publication.

### A PRESIDING JUDGE'S EXPERIENCE.

"REVITALIZED."

(Name will be given if asked for.)

June 8, 1886.

"I am not only pleased, I am delighted with the Treatment. The third day after beginning to use it, to my utter surprise and inexpressible joy, that terrible 'sinking feeling' in the pit of the stomach, and a week later that twin curse, the dull pain above the eyes, both of which constituted the burden of my complaint when I consulted you, have disappeared and I have not been troubled with either since. It is wonderful!

"I experienced no particular sensation in using the Treatment, made some blunders, was somewhat irregular, and since I began have been severely taxed both mentally and physically; notable in the trial of a \$200,000 will case, which lasted eight days, and yet with it all I feel like a new man. Nor have I changed my habits in the least. I have smoked the usual number of cigars and punished the usual amount of tobacco, besides indulging in coffee in the morning and tea in the evening, and eating what I liked. I repeat it, it is wonderful! The benefits I have received will be worth many hundred times their cost. I feel 'revitalized,' indeed I can hardly realize, the change has been so sudden, that I who am now writing in this cheerful strain, am the same miserable creature who called upon you less than a month ago."

July 19, 1886: "It is now two months since I began the use of your Home Treatment; I still have on hand a small quantity of the Oxygen-aqua, and the blue bottle is about one-eighth full, which shows probably that I have not strictly followed directions; and, yet without the least change in habits or diet I find myself a new man."

A recent writer in the "Independent" says: "There is a strong tendency with the weak-minded to magnify their own diseases and cures." I may belong to this class, but fear of being so labeled will not deter me from giving this unsolicited testimonial. I am sincerely grateful for what you have done for me, and take this method of testifying my gratitude.

"When two months ago I called at your office, an entire stranger, I

was suffering from two causes, a dull, heavy feeling over and about the eyes, and a sinking sensation in the pit of the stomach. I had suffered from these causes, it is safe to say, for twenty years, and they were the twin curses of my existence. It is impossible to convey to any one who has never been thus afflicted the slightest conception of what I suffered. I do not refer to the physical pain, for that was very slight, but to the mental agony. You did not tell me that I was the victim of dyspepsia, but I suspect I was. At least, what Henry Ward Beecher says of dyspepsia is equally applicable to a person suffering as I did; to wit, that it is utterly impossible for such a person to be a true Christian.

It may be that my suffering was purely imaginary, if there can be such a thing as distinguishing from the real article, but if it was then my mind was diseased, and all the more credit to you for restoring it to its normal condition.

"As before reported, the trouble about the eyes in my case disappeared the third day, I think, after I began the use of your Treatment, and the stomach trouble not over four days later. You gave me no assurance of such speedy results, and I was as much surprised as delighted when they came. Indeed it was with considerable difficulty that I brought myself to a full realization of the facts. I have only to add that since the first disappearance of my troubles they have not reappeared. What the effect of a discontinuance of the Treatment may be, remains to be seen, but I have the utmost faith in your printed statements that the results of the use of Compound Oxygen are permanent."

August 25, 1886: "It is now more than a month since I stopped the Home Treatment, and I am happy to say that I have had no return of my old troubles. It is wonderful—I had almost said miraculous. Scientific chemists and professors of colleges may talk as they please about Compound Oxygen being a 'perfectly inert substance,' but they will never convince me."

### HAY FEVER.

"WARRENTON, N. C., October 21, 1885.

"Some time in August I ordered a treatment of Oxygen for my aunt. She had suffered with hay fever regularly every year for fifteen years. When I ordered the Compound Oxygen her annual attack of hay fever had already commenced, and as you did not promise relief after the commencement of the attack, we were not very hopeful. But to our astonishment and joy the Oxygen relieved her at once, and only on one evening after she commenced the treatment, and then only for a few hours did she have any considerable trouble with her hay fever. Though she really had hay fever, it was so slight after she commenced using the Oxygen that she was scarcely conscious of it. I do not know what Compound Oxygen will do for hay fever in general, but this case of fifteen years' standing was mastered by it. You are at liberty to use this in any way you may see proper, for the good of hay fever victims. I believe it will cure hay fever. It did in this case, at any rate."

WARRENTON, N. C., July 28, 1886.

"My letter to you stating what Compound Oxygen did for my aunt in curing her of hay fever last summer, has led a number of hay fever sufferers to write to me in regard to the matter. In every instance I have replied restating the facts, and assuring them that while I knew of no other cases, I have such confidence in the Treatment I would have any of my family who might have hay fever to use it without delay."

"I had a letter last week from a gentleman in Iowa whose wife has had hay fever for fifteen years, inquiring about the Compound Oxygen. He says the physicians there say that Compound Oxygen is dangerous. I wrote him that I had known several who had used it, not one of whom had been injured, but, on the contrary in every case it had proved helpful. Among all the hundreds who have used it, do you know of one who has been injured by it? My own opinion is that the most delicate may use it without the most remote possibility of the slightest harm."

"REV. T. J. TAYLOR."

"PITTSBURGH, ME., October 18, 1886.

"I have been waiting to give you my hay fever report. I am happy to inform you that the Compound Oxygen Treatment overpowered the disease this, the second season. It has been worth more to me than I can express. I want every one afflicted with the same to avail themselves of the Compound Oxygen, and am willing you should use my name if you choose to do so. For more than thirty years, every autumn I have suffered from this terrible disease. The only relief I ever received was at the seaside, even there I had the symptoms."

"MRS. L. C. NICKELS."

### AN EDITOR'S OPINION.

"DULUTH, MINN., Nov. 9, 1886.

"DEAR SIR:—As you are aware that I have thoroughly tested the merits of Compound Oxygen, you ask me what my experience with it has been. In reply I would say, that my personal experience with it has been most satisfactory, and that its use by other members of my family has been in the highest degree gratifying. Indeed, in such high esteem do we hold it, that we would not undertake to keep house without having it constantly on hand."

"So far as my personal experience is concerned, I have used it, not as an invalid but as an unusually healthy man, but one who has had more business devolving on him than any one man should attempt to transact, and I wish to recommend Compound Oxygen most strongly to all over-worked business or professional men, who do not class or consider themselves as invalids. To the man who is over-worked, tired out mentally, and worried with business cares, and who has a tired and aching feeling at the base of the brain. It is a boon whose value is beyond all computation. I attribute the splendid health that I have preserved during the past few years of great mental labor, to the fact that whenever wearied and worn out, I have restored nature's tired powers by the use of Compound Oxygen. That this is nature's own remedy, supplying to the system the oxygen, the life giving principle which is needed to replace that used up by mental labors and cares, or by disease, admits of no doubt. That it is a magnificent remedy for all classes of invalids, there can be no question, but I consider it at least equal in value to those who have been cured by it. It is a saving grace in that way. I would remind all such that 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' and that they can best preserve their health by the use, whenever over-worked, of Compound Oxygen. You are at liberty to use the above as you see fit."

Respectfully yours, "R. C. MITCHELL."

### AN EDITOR'S WIFE'S OPINION.

"McCONNELLSVILLE, O., Jan. 1, 1887.

"As a new year begins to-day, my mind naturally wanders back to the events of the old year, and especially to the wonderful change wrought in my condition by the use of your Compound Oxygen. Two and a half years ago I was so weak I could not sit up but for a few minutes, and so nervous that sleep and rest were impossible with me—caused by years of sickness and suffering. In this condition, after trying every other remedy, I began the use of Compound Oxygen. At first the improvement seemed slow, but it always relieved me when suffering from Neuralgia of the Stomach, which seemed wonderful to me, as it acted as no other remedy did, leaving me feeling comfortable. At the end of one year my improvement was so great as to be a surprise to us all. My greatest improvement, however, has been during the past year. I can work, visit, go to church, read and do as well persons do, all of which I had not done for eight years previous to the use of your Treatment. To say I am grateful, is but mildly expressing what I feel. I am happy, satisfied and feel well, though I have not used the Compound Oxygen only at intervals since last June; but I purpose keeping constantly on hand your Compound. We have saved in actual cash (just in my case alone) not less than forty dollars per month, and the blessing of being able to stay at home instead of at a sanitarium, where I had often been six to nine months out of twelve, only returning home to drop into old conditions. Not myself only, but all of our family have been greatly benefited by its use. With the largest gratitude, I remain truly yours, Mrs. F. A. Davis."

By sending to DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., you will get, free of cost, a brochure of 200 pages which will furnish you entertaining and profitable reading. If you mention any particular ailment you will be likely to also get a monograph upon that affection.

We have published hundreds of other testimonials, copies of which can be had for the asking.